

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CXLII. }

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SEVENTH SERIES
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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXLII.

COUNT TOLSTOY ON THE WAR.

"BETHINK YOURSELVES!"

(TRANSLATED BY V. TCHERTKOFF AND I. F. M.)

"This is your hour, and the power of darkness." (Luke xxii., 53.)

CHAPTER I.

Again war. Again sufferings, necessary to nobody, utterly uncalled for; again fraud, again the universal stupefaction and brutalization of men.

Men who are separated from each other by thousands of miles, hundreds of thousands of such men (on the one hand—Buddhists, whose law forbids the killing, not only of men, but of animals; on the other hand—Christians, professing the law of brotherhood and love) like wild beasts on land and on sea are seeking out each other, in order to kill, torture, and mutilate each other in the most cruel way. What can this be? Is it a dream or a reality? Something is taking place which should not, cannot be; one longs to believe that it is a dream and to awake from it.

But no, it is not a dream, it is a dreadful reality!

One could yet understand how a poor, uneducated, defrauded Japanese, torn from his field and taught that

Buddhism consists not in compassion to all that lives, but in sacrifices to idols, and how a similar poor illiterate fellow from the neighborhood of Toula or Nijni Novgorod, who has been taught that Christianity consists in worshipping Christ, the Madonna, Saints, and their ikons—one could understand how these unfortunate men, brought by the violence and deceit of centuries to recognize the greatest crime in the world—the murder of one's brethren—as a virtuous act, can commit these dreadful deeds, without regarding themselves as being guilty in so doing.

But how can so-called enlightened men preach war, support it, participate in it, and, worst of all, without suffering the dangers of war themselves, incite others to it, sending their unfortunate defrauded brothers to fight? These so-called enlightened men cannot possibly ignore, I do not say the Christian law, if they recognize themselves to be Christians, but all that has

been written, is being written, has and is being said, about the cruelty, futility, and senselessness of war. They are regarded as enlightened men precisely because they know all this. The majority of them have themselves written and spoken about this. . . .

CHAPTER II.

Something is taking place incomprehensible and impossible in its cruelty, falsehood, and stupidity. The Russian Tsar, the same man who exhorted all the nations in the cause of peace, publicly announces that, notwithstanding all his efforts to maintain the peace so dear to his heart (efforts which express themselves in the seizing of other peoples' lands and in the strengthening of armies for the defence of these stolen lands), he, owing to the attack of the Japanese, commands that the same shall be done to the Japanese as they had commenced doing to the Russians—i.e., that they should be slaughtered; and in announcing this call to murder he mentions God, asking the Divine blessing on the most dreadful crime in the world. The Japanese Emperor has proclaimed the same thing in relation to the Russians.

Men of science and of law (Messieurs Muravieff and Martens) strenuously try to prove that in the recent call of all nations to universal peace and the present incitement to war, because of the seizure of other peoples' lands, there is no contradiction. Diplomats, in their refined French language, publish and send out circulars in which they circumstantially and diligently prove (though they know no one believes them) that, after all its efforts to establish peaceful relations (in reality, after all its efforts to deceive other countries), the Russian Government has been compelled to have recourse to the only means for a rational solution of the question—i.e., to the

murder of men. The same thing is written by Japanese diplomats. Scientists, historians, and philosophers, on their side, comparing the present with the past, deduct from these comparisons profound conclusions, and argue interminably about the laws of the movement of nations, about the relation between the yellow and white races, or about Buddhism and Christianity, and on the basis of these deductions and arguments justify the slaughter of those belonging to the yellow race by Christians; while in the same way the Japanese scientists and philosophers justify the slaughter of those of the white race. Journalists, without concealing their joy, try to outdo each other, and, not hesitating at any falsehood, however impudent and transparent, prove in all possible ways that the Russians only are right and strong and good in every respect, and that all the Japanese are wrong and weak and bad in every respect, and that all those are also bad who are inimical or may become inimical towards the Russians—the English, the Americans; and the same is proved likewise by the Japanese and their supporters in relation to the Russians.

Not to mention the military, who in the way of their profession prepare for murder, crowds of so-called enlightened people, such as professors, social reformers, students, nobles, merchants, without being forced thereto by anything or any one, express the most bitter and contemptuous feelings towards the Japanese, the English, or the Americans, towards whom but yesterday they were either well-disposed or indifferent; while, without the least compulsion, they express the most abject, servile feelings towards the Tsar (to whom, to say the least, they were completely indifferent), assuring him of their unlimited love and readiness to sacrifice their lives in his interests.

This unfortunate, entangled young

man, recognized as the leader of 130,000,000 of people, continually deceived and compelled to contradict himself, confidently thanks and blesses the troops whom he calls his own for murder in defence of lands which with yet less right he also calls his own. All present to each other hideous ikons in which not only no one amongst the educated believe, but which unlearned peasants are beginning to abandon—all bow down to the ground before these ikons, kiss them, and pronounce pompous and deceitful speeches in which no one really believes.

Wealthy people contribute insignificant portions of their immorally-acquired riches for this cause of murder or the organization of help in connection with the work of murder; while the poor, from whom the Government annually collects two milliards, deem it necessary to do likewise, giving their mites also. The Government incites and encourages crowds of idlers, who walk about the streets with the Tsar's portrait, singing, shouting hurrah! and who, under pretext of patriotism, are licensed in all kinds of excess. All over Russia, from the Palace to the remotest village, the pastors of churches, calling themselves Christians, appeal to that God who has enjoined love to one's enemies—to the God of Love Himself—to help the work of the devil to further the slaughter of men.

Stupefied by prayers, sermons, exhortations, by processions, pictures, and newspapers, the cannon's flesh, hundreds of thousands of men, uniformly dressed, carrying divers deadly weapons, leaving their parents, wives, children with hearts of agony, but with artificial sprightliness, go where they, risking their own lives, will commit the most dreadful act of killing men whom they do not know and who have done them no harm. And they are followed by doctors and nurses, who somehow imagine that at home they cannot serve

simple, peaceful, suffering people, but can only serve those who are engaged in slaughtering each other. Those who remain at home are gladdened by news of the murder of men, and when they learn that many Japanese have been killed they thank some one whom they call God.

All this is not only regarded as the manifestation of elevated feeling, but those who refrain from such manifestations, if they endeavor to disabuse men, are deemed traitors and betrayers, and are in danger of being abused and beaten by a brutalized crowd which, in defence of its insanity and cruelty, can possess no other weapon than brute force. . . .

CHAPTER V.

Men of our Christian world and of our time are like a man who, having missed the right turning, the further he goes the more he becomes convinced that he is going the wrong way. Yet the greater his doubts the quicker and the more desperately does he hurry on, consoling himself with the thought that he will arrive somewhere. But the time comes when it becomes quite clear that the way along which he is going will lead to nothing but a precipice, which he is already beginning to discern before him. . . .

It is impossible to organize a universal empire or republic, consisting of European States, as different nationalities will never desire to unite into one State. To organize international tribunals for the solution of international disputes? But who will impose obedience to the decision of the tribunal upon a contending party who has an organized army of millions of men? To disarm? No one desires it or will begin it. To invent yet more dreadful means of destruction? Balloons with bombs filled with suffocating gases, shells which men will shower upon

each other from above? Whatever may be invented, all States will furnish themselves with similar weapons of destruction. And cannon's flesh, as after cold weapons it submitted to bullets, and meekly exposed itself to shells, bombs, far-reaching guns, mitrailleuses, mines, so it will also submit to bombs charged with suffocating gases scattered down upon it from balloons.

Nothing shows more evidently than the speeches of M. Muravieff and Professor Martens about the Japanese war not contradicting The Hague Peace Conference—nothing shows more obviously than these speeches to what an extent, amongst the men of our time, the means for the transmission of thought—speech—is distorted, and how the capacity for clear, rational thinking is completely lost. Thought and speech are used for the purpose, not of serving as a guide for human activity, but of justifying any activity, however criminal it may be. The late Boer war and the present Japanese war, which can at any moment pass into an universal slaughter, have proved this beyond all doubt. All anti-military discussions can as little contribute to the cessation of war as the most eloquent and persuasive considerations addressed to fighting dogs as to its being more advantageous to divide the piece of meat over which they are struggling than to mutilate each other and lose the piece of meat, which will be carried away by some passing dog not joining in the fight.

We are dashing on towards the precipice, cannot stop, and we are approaching its edge. . . .

CHAPTER VI.

Two thousand years ago John the Baptist and then Jesus said to men:—The time is fulfilled and the Kingdom of God is at hand, bethink yourselves and believe in the Gospel (Mark I., 15);

and if you do not bethink yourselves you will all perish (Luke xlii., 5).

But men did not listen to them, and the destruction they foretold is already near to hand. And we men of our time cannot but see it. . . .

"Before I was crowned, recognized as Emperor," must the Emperor say to himself, "before I undertook to fulfil the duties of the head of the State, I, by the very fact that I live, have promised to fulfil that which is demanded of me by the Higher Will that sent me into life. These demands I not only know, but feel in my heart. They consist, as it is expressed in the Christian law, which I profess, in that I should submit to the will of God, and fulfil that which it requires of me, that I should love my neighbor, serve him, and act towards him as I would wish others to act towards me. Am I doing this?—ruling men, prescribing violence, executions, and, the most dreadful of all—wars.

"Men tell me that I ought to do this. But God says that I ought to do something quite different. And, therefore, however much I may be told that, as the head of the State, I must direct acts of violence, the levying of taxes, executions, and, above all, war, that is, the slaughter of one's neighbor, I do not wish to and cannot do these things."

So must say to himself the soldier, who is taught that he must kill men, and the minister, who deemed it his duty to prepare for war, and the journalist who incited to war, and every man, who puts to himself the question, Who is he, what is his destination in life? And the moment the head of the State will cease to direct war, the soldier to fight, the minister to prepare means for war, the journalist to incite thereto—then, without any new institutions, adaptations, balance of power, tribunals, there will of itself be destroyed that hopeless position in which

men have placed themselves, not only in relation to war, but also to all other calamities which they themselves inflict upon themselves.

So that however strange this may appear, the most effective and certain deliverance of men from all the calamities which they inflict upon themselves and from the most dreadful of all—war—is attainable, not by any external general measures, but merely by that simple appeal to the consciousness of each separate man which, one thousand nine hundred years ago, was proposed by Jesus—that every man bethink himself, and ask himself, who is he, why he lives, and what he should and should not do.

CHAPTER VII.

The evil from which men of our time are suffering is produced by the fact that the majority live without that which alone affords a rational guidance for human activity—without religion, not that religion which consists in belief in dogmas, in the fulfilment of rites which afford a pleasant diversion, consolation, stimulant, but that religion which establishes the relation of man to the All, to God, and, therefore, gives a general higher direction to all human activity, and without which people stand on the plane of animals and even lower than they. This evil which is leading men to inevitable destruction has manifested itself with special power in our time, because, having lost all rational guidance in life, and having directed all efforts to discoveries and improvements principally in the sphere of technical knowledge, men of our time have developed in themselves enormous power over the forces of nature; but, not having any guidance for the rational adaptation of this power, they naturally have used it for the satisfaction of their lowest and most animal propensities. . .

CHAPTER VIII.

"But, in order to abolish the evil from which we are suffering," those will say who are preoccupied by various practical activities, "it would be necessary that not a few men only, but all men, should bethink themselves, and that, having done so, they should uniformly understand the destination of their lives, in the fulfilment of the will of God, and in the service of one's neighbor. Is this possible?" Not only possible, do I answer, but it is impossible that this should not take place. . .

To bring this about it is necessary that, on the one hand, men of science should understand that the principle of the brotherhood of all men and the rule of not doing unto others what one does not wish for oneself is not one casual idea out of a multitude of human theories which can be subordinated to any other considerations, but is an incontestable principle, standing higher than the rest, and flowing from the changeless relation of man to that which is eternal to God, and is religion, all religion, and, therefore, always obligatory.

On the other hand it is necessary that those who consciously or unconsciously preach crude superstitions under the guise of Christianity should understand that all these dogmas, sacraments, and rites which they support and preach are not only, as they think, harmless, but are in the highest degree pernicious, concealing from men that central religious truth which is expressed in the fulfilment of God's will, in the service of men, and that the rule of acting towards others as one would wish others to act towards oneself is not one of the prescriptions of the Christian religion but is the whole of practical religion, as indeed is stated in the Gospels.

To bring about that men of our time should uniformly place before them—

selves the question of the meaning of life, and uniformly answer it, it is only necessary that those who regard themselves as enlightened should cease to think and to inculcate to other generations that religion is atavism, the survival of a past wild state, and that for the good life of men the spreading of education is sufficient—*i.e.*, the spread of the most varied knowledge which is in some way to bring men to justice and to a moral life. These men should understand instead that for the good life of humanity religion is vital and that this religion already exists and lives in the consciousness of the men of our time. Men who are intentionally and unintentionally stupefying the people by church superstitions should cease to do so, and recognize that what is important and binding in Christianity is not baptism, nor Communion, nor profession of dogmas, &c., but only love to God and to one's neighbor, and the fulfilling of the commandment of acting towards others as one wishes others to act towards oneself—and that in this lies all the law and the prophets.

CHAPTER IX.

But "How are we to act now, immediately among ourselves in Russia, at this moment, when our foes have already attacked us, are killing our people, and threatening us, what should be the action," I shall be asked, "of a Russian soldier, officer, general, Tsar, private individual? Are we, forsooth, to allow our enemies to ruin our possessions, to seize the productions of our labors, to carry away prisoners, or kill our men? What are we to do now that this thing has begun?" . . .

There can be no other answer than this, whatever be my circumstances, whether the war be commenced or not, whether thousands of Russians or Japanese be killed, whether not only Port Arthur be taken, but St. Peters-

burg and Moscow—I cannot act otherwise than as God demands of me, and that therefore I as a man can neither directly nor indirectly, neither by directing, nor by helping, nor by inciting to it, participate in war; I cannot, I do not wish to, and I will not. What will happen immediately or soon, from my ceasing to do that which is contrary to the will of God, I do not and cannot know, but I believe that from the fulfilment of the will of God there can follow nothing but that which is good for me and for all men.

You speak with horror about what might happen if we Russians at this moment ceased to fight, and surrendered to the Japanese what they desire from us. . . . A factory workman goes to his factory and in it accomplishes the work which is allotted him without considering what will be the consequences of his labor. In the same way a soldier acts, carrying out the will of his commanders. So acts a religious man in fulfilling the work prescribed to him by God, without arguing as to what precisely will come of that work. Therefore for a religious man there is no question as to whether many or few men act as he does, or of what may happen to him if he does that which he should do. He knows that besides life and death nothing can happen, and that life and death are in the hands of God whom he obeys.

CHAPTER X.

"But how about the enemies that attack us?"

"Love your enemies and ye will have none," is said in the teaching of the Twelve Apostles. This answer is not merely words, as those may imagine who are accustomed to think that the recommendation of love to one's enemies is something hyperbolical, and signifies not that which is expressed

but something else. This answer is the indication of a very clear and definite activity, and of its consequences.

To love one's enemies—the Japanese, the Chinese, those yellow peoples towards whom benighted men are now endeavoring to excite our hatred—to love them means not to kill them for the purpose of having the right of poisoning them with opium, as did the English; not to kill them in order to seize their land, as was done by the French, the Russians, and the Germans; not to bury them alive in punishment for injuring roads, not to tie them together by their hair, not to drown them in their river Amur as did the Russians.

"A disciple is not above his master. . . . It is enough for a disciple that he be as his master."

To love the yellow people, whom we call our foes, means, not to teach them under the name of Christianity absurd superstitions about the fall of man, redemption, resurrection, &c., not to teach them the art of deceiving and killing others, but to teach them justice, unselfishness, compassion, love—and that not by words, but by the example of our own good life.

And what have we been doing to them, and are still doing?

If we did indeed love our enemies, if even now we began to love our enemies the Japanese, we would have no enemy.

Therefore, however strange it may appear to those occupied with military plans, preparations, diplomatic considerations, administrative, financial, economical measures, revolutionary, socialistic propaganda, and various unnecessary sciences, by which they think to save mankind from its calamities, the deliverance of man, not only from the calamities of war, but also from all the calamities which men inflict upon themselves, will take place not through emperors or kings institu-

ting peace alliances, not through those who would dethrone emperors, kings, or restrain them by constitutions or substitute republics for monarchies, not by peace conferences, not by the realization of socialistic programmes, not by victories or defeats on land or sea, not by libraries or Universities, nor by those futile mental exercises which are now called science; but only by there being more and more of those simple men who, like the Dukhobors, Drojzin, Olkhovik in Russia, the Nazarenes in Austria, Condatier in France, Tervey in Holland, and others, having placed as their object, not external alterations of life, but the closest fulfilment in themselves of the will of Him who has sent them into life, will direct all their powers to this realization. Only such people realizing the Kingdom of God in themselves, in their souls, will establish, without directly aiming at this purpose, that external Kingdom of God which every human soul is longing for. . . .

The evil from which the men of the Christian world suffer is that they have temporarily lost religion.

Some people, having come to see the discord between the existing religion and the degree of mental and scientific development attained by humanity at the present time, have decided that in general no religion whatever is necessary. They live without religion and preach the uselessness of any religion of whatever kind. Others, holding to that distorted form of the Christian religion which is now preached, likewise live without religion, professing empty external forms, which cannot serve as guidance for men.

Yet a religion which answers to the demands of our time does exist and is known to all men, and in a latent state lives in the hearts of men of the Christian world. Therefore that this religion should become evident to and binding upon all men it is only neces-

sary that educated men—the leaders of the masses—should understand that religion is necessary to man, that without religion men cannot live a good life, and that what they call science cannot replace religion; and that those in power and who support the old empty forms of religion should understand that what they support and preach under the form of religion is not only not religion but is the chief obstacle to men's appropriating the true religion which they already know, and which can alone deliver them from their calamities. So that the only certain means of man's salvation consists merely in ceasing to do that which hinders men from assimilating the true religion which already lives in their consciousness.

CHAPTER XI.

I had finished this article when news came of the destruction of 600 innocent lives opposite Port Arthur. . .

In 1830 during the Polish war, the adjutant Villjinsky sent to St. Petersburg by Klopitsky, in a conversation held in French with Dibitch, in answer to the latter's demand that the Russian troops should enter Poland, said to him:—

"Monsieur le Maréchal, I think that in that case it will be quite impossible for the Polish nation to accept this manifesto. . . .

"Believe me, the Emperor will make no further concessions.

"Then I foresee that, unhappily, there will be war, that much blood will be shed, there will be many unfortunate victims."

"Do not think so; at most there will be 10,000 who will perish on both sides, and that is all," said Dibitch in his German accent, quite confident that he, together with another man as cruel and foreign to Russian and Polish life as he was himself—Nicholas I.—had

the right to condemn or not to condemn to death ten or a hundred thousand Russians and Poles.

In order not to let the Japanese into Manchuria and to expel them from Korea, not 10,000 but fifty and more thousands will, according to all probability, be necessary. I do not know whether Nicholas II. and Kuropatkin say like Dibitch in so many words that not more than 50,000 lives will be necessary for this on the Russian side alone, only and only that; but they think it, they cannot but think it, because the work they are doing speaks for itself; that ceaseless stream of unfortunate deluded Russian peasants now being transported by thousands to the Far East—these are those same—not more than 50,000 live Russian men whom Nicholas Romanoff and Alexis Kuropatkin have decided they may get killed and who will be killed in support of those stupidities, robberies, and every kind of abomination which were accomplished in China and Korea by immoral ambitious men now sitting peacefully in their palaces and expecting new glory and new advantage and profit from the slaughter of these 50,000 unfortunate defrauded Russian working men guilty of nothing and gaining nothing by their sufferings and death. For other people's land, to which the Russians have no right, which has been criminally seized from its legitimate owners, and which, in reality, is not even necessary to the Russians—and also for certain dark dealings by speculators, who in Korea wished to gain money out of other people's forests—many millions of money are spent—i.e., a great part of the labor of the whole of the Russian people, while the future generations of this people are bound by debts, its best workmen are withdrawn from labor, and scores of thousands of its sons are mercilessly doomed to death. And the destruction of these unfortunate men

is already begun. More than this: the war is being managed by those who have hatched it so badly, so negligently, all is so unexpected, so unprepared, that, as one paper admits, Russia's chief chance of success lies in the fact that it possesses inexhaustible human material. It is upon this that rely those who send to death scores of thousands of Russian men!

CHAPTER XII.

I had only just despatched the last of the preceding pages of this article when the dreadful news came of a new iniquity committed in regard to the Russian people by those light-minded men who, crazed with power, have appropriated the right of managing them. Again coarse and servile slaves of slaves, dressed up in various dazzling attires—varieties of Generals wishing to distinguish themselves or to do a bad turn to each other, or to earn the right to add one more little star, fingle-fangle, or scrap of ribbon to their idiotic glaring get-up, or else from stupidity or carelessness—again these miserable, worthless men have destroyed amid dreadful sufferings thousands of those honorable, kind, hard-working laborers who feed them. And again this iniquity not only does not cause those responsible for it to reflect and repent, but one hears and reads only about its being necessary as speedily as possible to mutilate and slaughter a greater number of men, and to ruin still more families, both Russian and Japanese.

The Tsar, the chief responsible person, continues to review the troops to thank, reward, and encourage them; he issues an edict for the calling out of the reserves; his faithful subjects again and again lay down their property and lives at the feet of him they call, only with their lips, their adored Monarch. On the other hand, desiring

to distinguish themselves before each other in deeds and not in words only, they tear away the fathers and the bread-winners from their orphaned families, preparing them for slaughter.

When will this cease, and the deceived people at last recover themselves and say: "Well, go you yourselves, you heartless Tsars, Mikados, Ministers, Bishops, priests, generals, editors, speculators, or however you may be called, go you yourselves under these shells and bullets, but we do not wish to go and we will not go."

But no, they do not say this; they go, and they will continue to go; they cannot but go as long as they fear that which ruins the body and not that which ruins both the body and the soul.

"Whether we shall be killed," they argue, "or maimed in these chinnampos, or whatever they are called, whither we are driven, we do not know; it yet may happen that we shall get through safely, and, moreover, with rewards and glory like those sailors who are now being feasted all over Russia because the Japanese bombs and bullets did not hit them but somebody else; whereas should we refuse we should be certainly sent to prison, starved, beaten, exiled to the province of Yakoutsch, perhaps even killed immediately." So with despair in their hearts, leaving behind a good rational life, leaving their wives and their children—they go.

Yesterday I met a Reservist soldier accompanied by his mother and wife. All three were riding in a cart; he had had a drop too much; his wife's face was swollen with tears. He turned to me:—

"Good-by to thee! Lyof Nikolaevitch, off to the Far East."

"Well, art thou going to fight?"

"Well, some one has to fight!"

"No one need fight!"

He reflected a moment. "But what is one to do, where can one escape?"

I saw that he had understood me, had understood that the work to which he was being sent was an evil work.

"Where can one escape?" That is the precise expression of that mental condition, which in the official and journalistic world is translated into the words—"For the Faith, the Tsar, and the Fatherland." Those who abandoning their hungry families, go to suffering, to death, say as they feel:—"Where can one escape?" Whereas those who sit in safety in their luxurious palaces say that all Russian men are ready to sacrifice their lives for their adored Monarch, and for the glory and greatness of Russia.

Yesterday, from a peasant I know, I received two letters, one after the other.

This is the first:—

"Dear Lyof Nikolaevitch,—Well, to-day I have received the official announcement of my call to the Service, to-morrow I must present myself at the headquarters. That is all. And after that—to the Far East to meet the Japanese bullets. . .

"I was not able to resist the summons, but I say beforehand that through me not one Japanese family shall be orphaned. My God! how dreadful is all this—how distressing and painful to abandon all by which one lives and in which one is concerned."

This man does not yet sufficiently believe that what destroys the body is not dreadful, but that which destroys both the body and the soul, therefore he cannot refuse to go, yet while leaving his own family he promises beforehand that through him not one Japanese family shall be orphaned; he believes in the chief law of God, the law of all religions—to act towards others as one wishes others to act towards one's self. Of such men, more or less

consciously recognizing this law, there are in our time, not in the Christian world alone, but in the Buddhistic, Mahomedan, Confucian, and Brahminic world, not only thousands but millions.

There exist true heroes, not those who are now being fêted because, having wished to kill others, they were not killed themselves, but true heroes who are now confined in prisons and in the province of Yakoutsck for having categorically refused to enter the ranks of murderers, and who have preferred martyrdom to this departure from the law of Jesus. There are also such as he who writes to me, who go, but who will not kill. But also that majority which goes without thinking, and endeavors not to think of what it is doing, still in the depth of its soul, does now already feel that it is doing an evil deed by obeying authorities who tear men from labor and from their families, and send them to needless slaughter of men, repugnant to their soul and their faith; and they go only because they are so entangled on all sides that—"Where can one escape?"

Meanwhile those who remain at home not only feel this but know and express it. Yesterday in the high road I met some peasants returning from Toula. One of them was reading a leaflet as he walked by the side of his cart.

I asked, "What is that? a telegram?"

"This is yesterday's, but here is one of to-day."

He took another out of his pocket. We stopped. I read it.

"You should have seen what took place yesterday at the station," he said, "it was dreadful.

"Wives, children, more than a thousand of them, weeping. They surrounded the train, but were allowed no further. Strangers wept, looking on. One woman from Toula gasped, and fell down dead; five children. They have since been placed in various

institutions, but the father was driven away all the same. . . . What do we want with this Manchuria, or whatever it is called. There is sufficient land here. And what a lot of people and of property has been destroyed."

Yes, the relation of men to war is now quite different from that which formerly existed even so lately as the year '77. That which is now taking place never took place before.

The papers set forth that, during the receptions of the Tsar, who is traveling about Russia for the purpose of hypnotizing the men who are being sent to murder, indescribable enthusiasm is manifested amongst the people. As a matter of fact something quite different is being manifested. From all sides one hears reports that in one place three Reservists have hanged themselves; in another spot two more; in yet another about a woman whose husband had been taken away bringing her children to the conscription committee-room and leaving them there; while another hanged herself in the yard of the military commander. All are dissatisfied, gloomy, exasperated.

Yes, the great strife of our time is not that now taking place between the Japanese and the Russians, nor that which may blaze up between the white and yellow races, not that strife which is carried on by mines, bombs, bullets, but that spiritual strife, which without ceasing has gone on and is now going on between the enlightened consciousness of mankind now waiting for manifestation and that darkness and that burden which surrounds and oppresses mankind.

In His own time Jesus yearned in expectation, and said:—

"I came to cast fire upon the earth, and how I wish that it were already kindled." Luke xii., 49.

That which Jesus longed for is being accomplished, the fire is being kindled.

Then do not let us check it, but let us spread and serve it.

13 May, 1904.

I should never finish this article if I were to continue to add to it all that corroborates its essential idea. Yesterday the news came in of the sinking of the Japanese ironclads, and in the so-called higher circles of Russian fashionable, rich, intellectual society they are, without the slightest conscientious scruples, rejoicing at the destruction of a thousand human lives. Yet to-day I have received from a simple seaman, a man standing on the lowest plane of society, the following letter:—

Letter from sailor (there follows his Christian name, father's name and surname).

"Much respected Lyof Nikolaevitch I greet you with a low bow, with love, much respected Lyof Nikolaevitch.

"I have read your book. It is very pleasant reading for me. I have been a great lover of reading your works. Well, Lyof Nikolaevitch, we are now in a state of war, please write to me whether it is agreeable to God or not that our commanders compel us to kill. I beg you, Lyof Nikolaevitch, write to me please whether or not the truth now exists on earth.¹ Tell me, Lyof Nikolaevitch. In church here a prayer is being read, the priest mentions the Christ-loving army. Is it true or not that God loves war? I pray you, Lyof Nikolaevitch, have you got any books from which I could see whether truth exists on earth or not. Send me such books. What they cost, I will pay. I beg you, Lyof Nikolaevitch, do not neglect my request. If there are no books then send me a letter. I will be very glad when I receive a letter from you. I will wait your letter with impatience. Good-by for the present. I remain alive and well and wish the

¹ The letter is written in a most illiterate way, filled with mistakes in orthography and punctuation. (Trans.)

same to you from the Lord God. Good health and good success in your work."

The hypnotism by which people have been stupefied and by which Governments still endeavor to stupefy them soon passes off, and its effect is becoming weaker and weaker; whereas the doubt as to "whether or not it be agreeable to God that our commanders compel us to kill" grows stronger and stronger, cannot in any way be extin-

The London Times.

guished, and keeps spreading further and further.

The doubt as to "whether or not it be agreeable to God that our commanders compel us to kill"—this is a spark of that fire which Jesus kindled upon earth and which is beginning to spread. To know and feel this is a great joy.

Leo Tolstoy.

Yasnaya Polyana, May 21, 1904.

BABYLON.

The eastern gate of heaven was unbarred; Shamash, the Sun-god of Babylonia, flamed forth and stepped upon the Mount of Sunrise at the edge of the world. As he had poured the light of heaven upon the luxuriant gardens and fertile corn lands of the Babylonians, so was he pouring it upon the same spot, now an arid and deserted wilderness. We were crossing it on our way to visit Babylon; it was pitch dark when we had left Baghdad in the possession of covered arabas which conveyed pilgrims to Kerbela and merchants to Hillah. We had been roused at 2 A.M., and threaded our way silently through the sleeping streets by the light of a dim lantern. Huddled human forms lay about in angles and on doorsteps; and at every moment we stumbled over the outstretched limbs of a yellow dog. We crossed the Tigris in one of the round native boats, and landed within a few minutes' walk of the khan from where the arabas started. We had an araba to ourselves—an oblong wooden box on four wheels, with a light canvas top and canvas sides that could be rolled up or let down at pleasure; a narrow wooden plank, with a singularly sharp edge and an uncomfortably hard face, ran down each side and was called a

seat. We were going to sit on it for twelve hours. We were drawn by four mules harnessed abreast. Our driver had knotted the reins and hooked them on to his seat; his hands were rolled inside his cloak, and he sat huddled up on the box in the freezing air of sunrise. The mules galloped ahead at their own discretion; the araba lurched over ruts; sudden jerks shot us against one another or threw us in the air, from where we descended with some emphasis in the vacuum between the two sharp edges.

Now the horizon on the left blazed orange and red, and the desert sands were pink. Stunted tufts of gray-green grass tried to assert themselves in the barren soil; mounds marking the site of ancient villages occurred at random. Walls of sand indicating the course of old irrigating canals broke the level plain; they could almost be taken for the work of Nature, for the hand of Time had obliterated the marks of man. Every twenty minutes the arabas come to a sudden stop to give the mules breathing time; there is a general dismounting of the passengers; the plain is suddenly dotted with bending, praying forms, groups of excited talking Arabs, isolated, contemplative, smoking individuals, fussy

superior Turkish officers flicking the specks of travel off their smart uniforms. Veiled women peep from behind the curtain of a closely packed conveyance; a small Arab child plants himself with outstretched legs in front of us, and sucks his thumb in complete absorption as he gazes upon us like a little wild animal. Then the whole scene dissolves itself into a sudden rush for the carriages, as of so many rabbits bolting into a warren at the sound of an alarm, and off goes the whole train at a gallop; belated loiterers hang perilously on the step of any conveyance they can catch, and try to snatch the lash of the whip with which the driver good-humoredly flicks them. Finally, we approach a collection of mud huts; we dash through them, scattering hens and children, and draw up in a long line opposite a large khan in the centre of the village. This is one of the regular halting-places for caravans, and we have a short wait while the mules are being changed. A stall close by is already closely besieged by our fellow-travelers clamoring for tea, which is sold in small glasses after the Persian custom. We buy a little blue dish of thick cream from an Arab girl in a blue smock, and make a sumptuous breakfast off it and dates.

With a fresh set of mules we start off again; the party is more lively; we dash up the sides of an embankment, catch a glimpse of a silted-up canal as we waver for a moment on the top; then a fearful double lurch throws us about as the two front wheels go downwards, whilst the two back ones are still going upwards. A short sharp descent follows; then comes a level stretch; the driver boys shout and race one another; we overtake and are overtaken; we jeer and are jeered at.

And the Sun-god pursues his journey in silence and unconcern across the dome of Heaven.

We pass bands of Persian pilgrims on their way to the sacred tomb of Hosein, son of Ali and grandson of the Prophet. Many of them trudge along on foot, grasping only the stout staff which one's mind associates with pilgrims; these give a true feeling of sackcloth and ashes; some ride mules and carry a few worldly goods in saddle-bags; there is a Pasha mounted on a fine Arab horse and followed by servants; large pack trunks on mules in his train make one doubt the existence of his hair shirts; the women sit in covered wicker cradles suspended on each side of mules; donkeys bear rude coffins strapped crossways over their backs, for the ambition of the true believer is not only to make the pilgrimage during life, but that after death his bones may rest in peace in the holy ground of Hosein's martyrdom.

At Mushayhib we halt again to get a fresh relay of mules; here the roads branch, and we part company with the rest of the party, who are going to Kerbela. We jerk along over the ridged and rutty ground; I find myself wondering whether cushions in the chariots were amongst the luxuries of wicked Babylon, and, if so, whether it was part of the punishment of the fourth generation that we should be deprived of them. We come to a marshy tract with water standing in pools; the driver thrashes the mules vigorously and shouts; the animals plunge forward and the boy bends his body to and fro with them as they plunge. We go headlong into the marsh and stick; the boy uses his whip unsparingly; the light, energetic members of our party dismount; the fat and heavy ones remain seated; we all shout in anger or encouragement, and by means of these strenuous endeavors are landed on the other side.

On the horizon in front we see a black line; it is formed, we are told, by the rows of palm-trees which border

the Euphrates. We are now soberly trotting towards a great mound, which, rising abruptly out of the level plain, appears in the distance like a sudden thought of Nature's, tired of the monotony of her own handiwork. But as we approach, its symmetrical sides and flat table top proclaim it to be the work of man. Our native escort tell us in subdued tones of awe how Marut and Harut, the fallen angels, are suspended by their heels in the centre awaiting the day of judgment. We leave it at some distance to the right; in front of us stretches a tract of land more desolate and naked even than that through which we have been driving; small heaps are scattered amongst a few larger mounds, and all are enveloped in a network of high-banked canals, now mostly silted up; there are marshy pools here and there, and rough tussocks of coarse grass catch the blown sand.

"And Babyion shall become heaps," said Jeremiah. It was the heaps of Babylon we were looking upon. Babylon, the "glory of nations," was laid out in front of us.

The Sun-god had reached the pinnacle of his height, and covered the spot with the brightness of heaven.

We made a *détour* round the edge to avoid the embankments and marshy places, and then struck to the right across the uneven ground at a jolting foot's pace towards a clump of palms on the banks of the river. The trees partly concealed the one stone house of the district, the home of three German professors who are superintending the work of excavation now going on. A mud wall separated it from a collection of mud huts; here live the natives employed in removing the sand which buries the architectural monuments of ancient times.

We were at the foot of one of the larger mounds; it is called the Kasr by travellers and Mujelibe (the over-

turned) by the Arabs, and represents the only part of Babylon which is not altogether buried. We climbed up the great square mass composed entirely of the *débris* of former habitations. The surface was strewn with broken bricks and tiles; in the centre stood the remains of solid blocks of masonry. Looking down into a large ravine at the further end we saw, half blocked with rubbish, walls, courtyards, doorways, pilasters, and buttresses built of pale yellow-colored bricks, each bearing the name of Nebuchadnezzar. Here and there architectural ornaments were built in with the walls; bits of bright-colored enamel and pieces of broken pottery lay about. We wandered through the huge ruin, balancing ourselves on the edges of low remaining walls and clambering from one courtyard to another. A jackal darted from under our feet with a shrill bark; he was answered from behind distant walls by innumerable hidden companions; an owl flew out of a dark corner and perched blinking a little way off; a great black crow hovered uneasily overhead. The broad walls of Babylon were indeed utterly broken, and her houses were indeed full of doleful creatures. We sat down and listened to the wild beasts crying in her desolate houses; it was indeed "a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment and an hissing without an inhabitant."

Shamash the Sun-god was nearing the western gate of heaven; the gatebolts of the bright heavens were giving him greeting.

The Euphrates and its wooded banks lay between us and the horizon. Above the river line we saw a row of jet-black palms in an orange setting; and below it a row of jet-black palms standing on their heads in the rippled golden water. Shamash has reached the summit of the Mount of Sunset; he slowly descends; the orange changes

to red, the general conflagration becomes streaked and barred; the waters of the river grow black, almost as black as the reflected palms; the streaks slowly die away; Shamash has entered into the Kirib Shame, the "Innermost part of Heaven, that mysterious realm beyond the heavenly ocean, where the great gods dwell apart from mankind."

O Shamash, thou art the judge of the world,
Thou directest the decisions thereof.

Thus played the dwellers of the city four thousand years ago. And with the same light with which you lit the pomp and splendor of the works of their time, you light the decay and ruin and hideous desolation of the present.

"Verily there is a God which judgeth the earth," say we, four thousand years later.

And as you smiled on those who worshipped you as the supreme God, Controller of all things, so you smile on us who look upon you, bound and fixed, with no will of your own, following the inevitable laws of Nature. Will you, four thousand years hence, light with the same light sojourners in this land, and will they wonder at our conception of your nature and function, as we wonder at the faith that your ancient worshippers had in you? Or will you, before then, have run your allotted course and consumed the whole world, whether in the fiery furnace of your wrath or in the uncontrolled madness of your broken bonds?

The next morning we visited Babel, the mound we had passed the day before. We walked for more than a mile through the palmgroves by the river; under the shade of the trees were numerous huts made of mud, covered and enclosed with piles of fine brushwood. There were various signs of

human occupation. Two cows were tolling peacefully up and down an entrenchment drawing water in skins over a rough windlass; the skins emptied themselves into a channel, and the water wandered about in vaguely directed irrigation. On the bank beside them lolled an Arab with a long pole, who prodded the sleepy beasts in the moments when he was more awake than they were. A large mass of brushwood was moving in front of us; it looked like one of the huts endowed with a pair of very thin brown legs; as we overtook it the mass half turned towards us, and a woman's form doubled in two looked small in the middle of it.

At the doors of the enclosures naked children sprawled about, all with gleaming white teeth and closely-shaven heads, save for the one lock of hair with which they are to be pulled up to heaven; women with tattooed faces and dangling ornaments pounded barley in primitive stone mortars, and baked thin cakes of bread on flat stones.

Leaving the riverside, we struck out to the right for half a mile across the bare parched ground, where tufts of rough grass were trying to get a footing in the white barren soil. We climbed up the mounds, passing bands of workmen tunnelling in the sides and removing the bricks which lay about in tumbled heaps or in bits of standing walls.

From the top of Babel we could look right over the tract of land once enclosed by the walls of Babylon. The descriptions of Herodotus enabled the traveller to call up some sort of idea of the scene in his time. We learn from him that the city was built in the form of a square, surrounded by walls of enormous strength; each side of the square was fourteen miles long; each side had twenty-five gates of solid brass and was defended by square

towers built above the walls; twenty-five streets went straight across the city each way from gate to gate. The city was thus cut into squares. The houses, three or four stories high, faced the street and were built at a little distance apart from each other; between them were gardens and plantations. A branch of the river ran through the city; its banks were one long quay. The larger buildings stood in the centre of a square, each apparently fortified and surrounded by walls of its own. It is of these smaller walls only that any trace can be detected. From the foot of Babel, where we stood, remains of earthen ramparts could be traced for two or three miles southwards; they then turned at right-angles towards the river and extended as far as its eastern bank. The mounds they enclosed were presumably the site of the more important buildings. Babel itself is supposed to represent the temple of Belus. The Mujelibé, or Kasr, lying to the south of us, is identified with the Palace of Nebuchadnezzar and the Hanging Gardens; further south still was a lesser mound, Amram. We knew that Birs Nimroud, the great ruin which is looked upon as the Tower of Babel, lay beyond this again, although we could not see it from where we stood.

The whole gleamed white in the strong sunshine. On our right the Euphrates rolled along, as unconcerned in its course as the Sun-god overhead. We could trace the direction of the river southwards to the horizon, marked by the palms along its banks; they made a thin dark line across a wide light plain—an alluvial tract which is only waiting to yield its hidden gifts on the day when man joins hands with Nature, and distributes the waters of the river. But not so the actual soil of Babylon; that soil, consisting as it does of building dust and *débris*, is of a nature which destroys

vegetation. "The Lord of hosts hath swept it with the besom of destruction," and it is doomed perpetually to be a "dry land, a wilderness, a land wherein no man dwelleth."

As we looked upon the great plain which stretched away all round until it carried the eye on into the sky above, we could almost believe with the ancients that the edge of the earth joined the dome of heaven, and that both were supported by the waters of Apsu—the deep.

A great wave of silence rolled out of the desert and broke over us; it seemed natural to be immersed in silence. Could anything else be expected from a land which had never been alive with the stir of humanity even in far-off ages, of which one might now feel the hush while listening for the echo? The desert had always been silent, and would be silent for evermore—a dead, unconscious silence, with no significance save of absence of life. But when we looked at the site of Babylon stretched just beneath us, we became vividly conscious of a real living silence; we were listening to the "hum of mighty workings;" voices of souls long since dead, the dust of whose bodies lay at our feet, were "wakening the slumbering ages." Had not Nebuchadnezzar entered into the House of the Dead in the great cavern Araltu, the Land of No Return? The dead have been stirred up, even the chief ones of earth, to greet him as he entered hell. "Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee and the worms cover thee . . .;" and they looked at him narrowly, saying: "Is this the man that made the earth to tremble?"

And yet still for us "the wind uttered" and "the spirit heard" his vainglorious cry: "Is not this the great

Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?"

The silent answer to it lay at our feet. And, listening, we heard the solemn warnings of Daniel, the sorrowful forebodings of Jeremiah, and, above all, the ironical voice of Isaiah:

Let them stand up and save thee,
Mappers of heavens, Planet observers,
Tellers of new moons,
From what must befall thee.

As we listened again we heard the noise "like as of a great people; a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of nations gathered together. . . ."

" . . . A sound of battle is in the land and of great destruction. . . ."

" . . . A sound of a cry cometh from

Longman's Magazine.

Babylon and great destruction from the land of the Chaldeans. . . ."

"One post ran to meet another post, and one messenger to meet another to show the King of Babylon that his city is taken."

Then we heard a sound of much feasting and revelry; we heard a solemn hush when there came forth fingers as of a man's hand and wrote upon the wall; even as we listened to the hush it seemed to grow into the great hush of ages, and we remembered that we stood alone in the living silence of these great dead surrounded by the dead silence of an uninhabited land.

Overhead the Sun-god silently vaunted his eternal existence, at our feet the Euphrates rolled fresh waters of oblivion from an eternal source to an eternal sea.

Louisa Jebb.

LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER V.

AN OMEN AND THE ENCOUNTER.

Well do I remember the day on which Dorothy Ullathorne finally took her departure from amongst us. In company with all the females of the household she went over to Lychgate early. I noted that in taking leave of my Father the tears flashed for a moment into her eyes; she seemed to have an almost filial reverence for him, at which I sometimes marvelled. For he was very simple in his ways, and never set up any affectation of learning or gentility, being content to seem what he was—a plain honest yeoman. I did not bid her farewell, for I was to ride over Fleetfoot—she hav-

ing purchased him—that evening on my return from the office, and escort our Patty home.

At the appointed hour I duly alighted at the lychgate, and having rubbed down and fed the horse (for though Mrs. Ullathorne had engaged a fairly large staff of laborers, I knew that none of them would be about at this hour), I made my way round to the house. My Mother and her maids had long since departed, but Patty was still busy tying up curtains and hammering in nails. She was mounted on a table in the small dark parlor when I entered, standing a-tiptoe and stretching out her arm in the endeavor to pass some brass rings over a curtain rod. The mistress of the

house, whose taller stature would easily have enabled her to achieve what Patty vainly strove to accomplish, stood by, watching her with apparent apathy.

"So there you are!" cried Patty gleefully. "You come just in time; I want your long arm here."

With that she jumped down from the table, and I, nothing loth, sprang upon it.

"Now we look better," quoth the little lass, as in a trice I descended again, having slipped on the rings and made fast the curtains to them. "When these are drawn of an evening you will feel quite snug."

Dorothy looked round the barely-furnished room, which, if truth be told, presented but a miserable appearance, and suddenly flung her arms above her head.

"Oh!" she cried with a kind of groan, "oh, I am sick at heart!"

The exclamation was evidently wrung from her, and the next moment she appeared ashamed of it.

"Snug, my little Patty?" she said in an altered tone. "Yes, to be sure, I am now snug enough, and I know not how to thank you and your Parents for all your kindness. And you too, Master Luke," she went on, turning to me with unwonted graciousness.

I stammered forth I know not what protestations of my eager desire to serve her at all times, and in whatsoever way she would, and she listened half absently; and then, having been enjoined by my Mother to bring Patty home in time for supper, I despatched her in search of her hat and cloak. Mrs. Dorothy accompanied me to the door while Patty went to tire herself; and as we there stood awaiting her return in silence, there came to us one of those strange experiences which sometimes fall to the lot of man.

I vow as I stood there against the crumbling doorpost I had no thought

of the many tales connected with Lychgate; my whole mind was absorbed by Mrs. Dorothy, and if it struck me that the place looked lonesome and gloomy it was but in connection with her. It seemed to me pitiful that so young and brilliant a creature should be doomed to spend her days in solitude in that desolate spot. Desolate indeed it looked at this hour, the house standing up dark against the dusky sky; the melancholy trees seeming to press round it threateningly. No living soul in sight—though Malachi was doubtless occupied somewhere in the back premises—not even a dumb thing to bear her company as yet, with the exception of poor Fleet-foot, who could be heard stamping and rattling his rack-chain in the stable. These sounds served but to accentuate the prevailing stillness, as did the occasional croak of a raven, and the sudden screech of an owl.

But all at once another sound broke upon our ears, a low heavy rumbling of wheels, as of a coach advancing at a foot's pace; and then the tradition attached to Lychgate flashed across my mind. I looked hastily at Mrs. Dorothy, who had turned her head in the direction whence came the sound.

"Who can be abroad so late?" asked she. "I thought this an unfrequented road. What should a wagon do journeying along it at this hour?"

"It is no wagon!" said I; my lips were parched and I felt a creeping sensation of the flesh. Thought I to myself, If yonder travellers halt by the old cross I shall know that the tale is true.

The sound drew nearer; in the intense stillness we could distinguish, besides the rumbling of wheels, the slow tread, not only of horses' hoofs, but of men's feet, pacing in unison.

"What is it?" cried Dorothy, and I saw in her face a reflection of the terror in my own.

Suddenly the noise ceased; I could have sworn the unseen cavalcade had reached the old Cross at which in former days each funeral train used to halt on its way to the churchyard. I smothered the exclamation which rose to my lips, but Patty, rushing downstairs and seizing my arm, was not so cautious.

"Oh, Luke!" she cried, "Luke, didst hear it? It is the Ghost Coach—the Funeral Coach. The folks were quite right, thou sees. It will be coming on here in a minute. Oh! Oh. I shall die of fear."

My own teeth were chattering in my head. I vow I had sooner faced an army of cut-throats—live ruffians of flesh and blood—than that invisible train; but I rallied my composure as best I could and steadied Patty on her feet, and told her she need have no fear, for spirits could not harm honest folk.

Mrs. Dorothy did not scream, but when the awful progress was resumed, and the very air seemed full of the rolling of wheels, and the heavy tramping of feet, she caught my hand, feeling, I presume, the need of human touch and sympathy; and in the midst of my terror I was conscious of a thrill of rapture though her hand was cold as ice.

I do not pretend to explain how or why such visitations are permitted; it would seem impossible, on the face of it, that there should be such a thing as the ghost of animal or an inanimate object, yet no doubt the sounds which fell upon our ears were such as might have been produced by the slowly approaching wheels of a hearse or the coach-carriage which in those days rich folks sometimes lent to convey bodies of their tenants or neighbors to their long home. I swear that I also heard the ring of the horses' hoofs as the procession drew nearer, the rattling and creaking of steel and

leather, and, above all, the continuous tramp of many feet. Though we strained our eyes towards this unreal procession as it advanced, we could see naught; and I think the fact increased our terror.

The sounds grew in intensity and distinctness until the ghostly train reached the lychgate, where it appeared to halt, and we heard nothing further.

Silence reigned unbroken until Dorothy, turning to me, whispered quickly, "Are they coming up here?"

"I think not," said I. "I have never heard of them passing the gate. I—I don't think we shall hear anything more now."

As we stood clutching each other's hands, our faces pale and our eyes starting, for I think there is no such desperate fear as that engendered by the proximity of the supernatural, the barn owl, whose strident voice had before grated upon our ears, came lumbering round the house and flew shrieking towards a distant wood. Dorothy withdrew her hand from mine with a sigh of relief; the advent of the live thing had, as it were, broken the spell.

"Well," said she, "there is some foundation, after all, for the tales which we made so light of. Does this often happen?"

"Not often, I think," I replied, "but then the folks shun the place so, 'tis hard to say."

"After all, a strange noise cannot hurt one," she resumed. "We are none of us the worse for it, you see. Come, Patty, lift up your head. You need not stop your ears any more. There is nothing to be heard."

Patty raised her scared face from my shoulder where it had been burrowing.

"Oh, Dorothy, I like it not," she cried. "I'm frightened to death. An' 'tis so unlucky it should happen the very first night you come here."

"'Tis an omen—is it not?" said Dorothy. "Well, I for my own part never expect good luck—there is no such thing for me, Patty, my dear. If that Ghost Coach coming at this hour portended my speedy death I think I should be glad. But I have no belief in such things—it may have been an echo carried from a distance, or the wind in those dismal trees, for aught we can tell."

But she knew very well that no echo could have been so persistent and so distinct, and as for the wind—not a breath stirred that night.

She put her fingers under Patty's chin so as to tilt up the little white face—whiter than ever to-night, as was to be expected—and kissed it.

"You will be loth to come here again, Patty," said she.

But Patty, though she was still shaking from head to foot, stoutly averred that she would come on the very morrow.

Going home the little wench, clinging to my arm, proposed, to my surprise, that we should keep the strange event of the evening a secret. I agreed willingly enough, and respected her for the resolution; I thought she had been anxious to proclaim it to all comers, and was the more pleased with her discretion.

"I think there is something very strange about everything that concerns Dorothy Ullathorne," said she, "but I love her very much and I pity her too, and I think 'twould be a shame to set folks talking about her."

This speech I commended heartily, and promised for my part to be equally reserved.

Patty and I seemed to be better friends from this out, and though she never gossiped about the newcomer to other folks she confided many tales of her doings to me. It was thus I learned of the encounter between Sir Jocelyn and Mrs. Ullathorne, which so

inauspiciously inaugurated their acquaintance.

Sir Jocelyn and Master Robert had gone a-coursing, and the hare chose to cross over the dyke into Mrs. Ullathorne's land, followed in hot pursuit by a brace of greyhounds and the gentlemen on horseback. Poor puss doubled backwards and forwards through the wheat with the dogs after her, and the Squire and Master Robert galloping here and there, the better to see the sport, their horses' feet trampling the corn and tearing up the earth. Mrs. Ullathorne, looking forth from the window of the new dairy, which was by now almost ready for use, uttered an exclamation of anger and surprise and flew at top-speed towards the horsemen. Patty, popping her head out of the window too, and indentifying these, raced in her wake, being anxious to prevent high words.

She arrived too late, however. Sir Jocelyn had already dismounted, and with a smile upon his face was listening to the fiery tirade which Dorothy was in the act of pouring forth. He did not appear at all disconcerted, however, and presently remarked, when she paused for breath:—

"Forgive my interrupting your discourse, Madam, and permit me to remark that there is perhaps nothing so very heinous in my chasing my own hare over my own land."

"Sir," retorted she, with ever-growing wrath, "the land is now mine to all intents and purposes, and whatever may be the custom in this matter of the chase during the winter months, I cannot but think that now, when the crop is so far advanced, you have no right to destroy it. Oh, look, look!" she cried, as Master Robert again swept past them amid a shower of earth and blades, "every moment fresh damage is done."

Sir Jocelyn glanced round at his Cousin and then back again at Mrs. Dorothy.

"Had you but spoke fair," said he, "it would have been my pleasure to remove at once any cause of offence; but I own I am not now inclined to relinquish my privileges. I will call off my dogs and desire my Kinsman to desist his sport only after you have paid the penalty of your sauciness."

"A penalty!" cried she, and her eyes flashed fire.

"Aye," said he; "before I leave this place you shall give me a kiss in token of repentance and goodwill."

Now most wenches on the estate would have deemed it an honor to have been saluted by the Lord of the Manor, but if I am to believe Patty, Dorothy Ullathorne, at all times touchy with regard to her personal dignity, was thrown by this request of Sir Jocelyn's into one of her ungovernable fits of rage.

"Thou knows," said Patty, in relating the affair, "how Dorothy's eyes seem to blaze when she is wrathful; her look to-day fair frightened me. 'Oh! that I were a man!' cried she. 'In that case, doubtless,' said Sir Jocelyn, 'my life would not be worth a moment's purchase. If a glance could slay I were already dead. But since you are not in a position to frighten me, my fair tenant, come, let us kiss and be friends. I vow I'll not go back on my word.' 'Your word of honor, I suppose,' said she, with that twist of her lip thou knows, Luke. 'I had rather every rood of land were laid waste.'—And with that she turned and walked away. I saw the red rise in his face—if you had heard the scorn with which she flung the word *honor* at him. He looked as if she had struck him."

"Well, and he ought to have been ashamed of himself," cried I. "He should not have vexed her so, and 'twas ill done of him, though he is the Squire, to destroy the good corn that's

worth its weight in gold. What said he then, Patty?"

"He looked after her," answered Patty, "and then muttered half to himself: 'My pretty Madam, I'll bring you to your senses yet. Better folks than you have shown me less scorn.' Then one of the greyhounds killed the hare and Master Blisborough bringing it to him, Sir Jocelyn bade him ride to the house and present it with his compliments to Mrs. Ullathorne, assuring her that coursed hare was an excellent thing and safe to be tender. 'Call her particular attention to this point, Bob,' said he, 'for the lady, I am certain, appreciates tenderness.'"

"And did she keep the hare?" cried I.

"Not she indeed. She desired Malachi to hand it back to Master Blisborough, and to bid him inform his Cousin that she had no mind to receive goods wrongfully obtained."

Not long afterwards Mrs. Ullathorne came into yet more violent contact with her Landlord, after a fashion which had serious consequences.

My Uncle Waring having, as has been said, undertaken the safe keeping of the large sum of money of which she was possessed on arriving, she visited him one day for the purpose of withdrawing a certain portion of it, for which, as she stated, she had immediate need, being desirous of purchasing dairy cows and other stock.

"Your serving-man is doubtless attending you," remarked my Uncle as he handed over sundry bank notes to her.

"No," returned she, "I rode in alone; we have no horse that can keep pace with that I bought of Mr. Forshaw, and 'twould weary me to go slow enough to suit the nag Malachi rides. Besides, I have no need of an escort—what ill hap could befall me—a plain woman going quietly about her business?"

"I doubt it is not safe for you to go all that way along such lonely roads by yourself," returned he. "With that money about you too, Mrs. Ullathorne, I protest you are worth robbing."

"Pooh!" cried she, and was turning away when Mr. Waring called out to her that she should at least accept my company. I should leave off work a little earlier in her honor, he said, and as our roads lay together for the most part she need have no scruple in availing herself of my protection.

I was already half-way to the door ere he had concluded his speech, and she turned and looked at me with that half-compassionate and half-contemptuous kindness which I was beginning to notice in her. She was too sharp not to be aware of how deep I had sunk in love for her, and though she was not at all elated by so insignificant a conquest, she would now and then fling me a word or look as one might throw a crust to an importunate dog.

"I have no objection," said she carelessly, "provided Mr. Luke does not go out of his road. He may ride with me and welcome till we reach the cross-ways."

Though I subsequently besought her to alter this decision, and to suffer me to accompany her to her own gate, she was resolute in her refusal, and when we came to the parting of the ways she turned off alone towards Lychgate, leaving me gazing disconsolately after her.

I determined to keep her in sight as long as was possible, and though Chestnut was all in a lather with impatience, poor fellow, I reined him up, and stood erect in my stirrups that I might watch Dorothy's retreating form. She had not yet proceeded a hundred paces before a man's voice rang out suddenly—"Stand and deliver!" and I saw a figure leap into the road, throwing out its hands at the

same time, with the forefinger extended as though to represent a pistol. It was Sir Jocelyn; but I had barely time to recognize him before, to my horror, I saw Dorothy wheel her horse and deliberately ride him down. I well-nigh dropped from my saddle, so great was the shock, but in another moment I saw the Squire stretched upon the ground, while Fleetfoot, galloping with all speed, was already at a considerable distance. I hastened towards the spot where Sir Jocelyn lay, my heart in my mouth, in dread of what I should behold; but to my immense relief ere I could reach him he rose, turned to look after the flying horsewoman, and was dusting his coat by the time I came up.

"Oh, thank God!" I ejaculated. "You are not hurt then, Sir Jocelyn?"

"Not much," returned he, "though the road is rather hard, Friend Luke, when one comes unexpectedly in contact with it. Did you ever know a horse tread wilfully upon a man? That poor beast was not given much time for thought, but I vow he swerved when she would have had him trample me; 'twas his shoulder knocked me down."

"I suppose," I faltered—"I am sure, Sir Jocelyn, Mrs. Ullathorne must have taken you for a highwayman; as a matter of fact she carried a considerable sum about her person."

"Nothing of the kind, my good lad," he replied, still picking away the dust with his fine cambric handkerchief. "She saw well that I carried no weapon. I took the precaution of depositing my fowling-piece yonder by the hedge lest it might fright her. I was after some wild duck, you must know, when I saw her coming this way. No other woman sits so straight, or can boast of such a figure in these parts. I bethought me that it would be a good time to exact from her a certain payment which she owes me. 'Twas

an ill-timed jest I grant you, and she had near turned it into earnest for me."

I could find nothing to say; I knew well what penalty it was that Sir Jocelyn meant to extort; he was most extraordinary obstinate, and, though content to bide his time, would work without ceasing to achieve any end on which he had set his heart.

Having restored the cambric to his pocket he looked up suddenly, laughing, I suppose, at my troubled face.

"Hath the idol feet of clay, after all, Friend Luke?" said he. "Can it be possible that so beautiful a damsel should not be all perfect?"

I saw that he guessed my secret and remained tongue-tied.

"What would you have said if she had killed me?" he went on bantering. "Would you still worship that beautiful Devil?"

"How can you call her by such a name?" cried I, finding voice in my extreme indignation. "More like an avenging Angel. Did not Michael the Archangel battle with Lucifer, Sir

Jocelyn? Mrs. Ullathorne doubtless thought——"

"A very pretty comparison," interrupted he with twinkling eyes. "Let us say she is an Angel by all means, my good Luke—an Archangel, if you prefer it—though 'tis scarce civil of you to allot the other character to me. I protest I meant her no harm; she interests me much. I am in fact her devoted admirer, as devoted as you are yourself, my honest lad, but with this difference—while you consider her to be possessed of all the virtues, I have my doubts on that point; but I like her none the less. Now if you have a mind to ride on you can tell her that I am not a penny the worse for her kind attention, and that, so far from discouraging me, she has but increased my strength of purpose."

With that he turned, and, leaping over the low bank, repossessed himself of his fowling-piece, and walked quietly away, leaving me in doubt as to whether Mrs. Ullathorne's treatment had turned him into an over-fond friend or a deadly enemy.

The London Times.

(To be continued.)

DADDY CRISP.

There has been, during the last few months, a distinct Burney revival, due chiefly to several new editions of "Evelina" and a critical study of "Fanny Burney" by Mr. Austin Dobson. It is of one of her friends that I propose to speak in this essay, one who, but for her, would have remained unknown to posterity, save for a few lines in the annals of the London Stage, a chance reference, perhaps, in a Life of Garrick, and a glowing epitaph, in heroic couplets, that adorns the walls of an out-of-the-way country

church in Surrey. We may quote this epitaph in full:—

Reader, this cold and humble spot contains
The much lamented, much revered, remains
Of One whose Wisdom, Learning,
Taste, and Sense
Good-humored Wit, and wide Benevolence,
Cheered and enlightened all this Hamlet round,
Wherever Genius, Worth or Want
was found.

To few it is that courteous Heaven
 imparts
 Such depth of Knowledge and such
 Taste in Arts;
 Such Penetration and Enchanting
 Powers
 Of Brightening Social and Convivial
 Hours.
 Had he, through Life, been blest by
 Nature kind
 With Health robust of Body as of
 Mind;
 With skill to serve and charm Man-
 kind so great,
 In Arts, in Science, Letters, Church or
 State;
 His name the Nation's Annals had en-
 rolled,
 And Virtues to remotest Ages told.

Probably not many visitors make their way to Chessington, between Epsom and Surbiton, and the casual stranger who happens to read this epitaph *in situ* may recall Dr. Johnson's famous saying, "In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath," and smile indulgently as he reads.

Who then was this paragon of a Samuel Crisp who, as this tablet tells us, died on April 24th, 1783, at the age of 76? Curiously enough, until the late Mrs. Ellis first edited, fifteen years ago, the "Early Diaries of Fanny Burney," his parentage had remained a mystery, even to some of his contemporaries, who gave him a wrong Christian name and credited him with being in Holy Orders. Again, he was sometimes confounded with another Samuel Crisp, a London eccentric, who lived in Macclesfield Street, Soho, and was familiarly spoken of as "the Greenwich traveller," because it was his hobby to ride every day down to Greenwich by the stage, and return immediately. But this was "little Sam Crisp," according to Mrs. Bowdler, at Bath, in 1780, and such a description did not apply to the tall and aristocratic Samuel Crisp of Fanny Burney's acquaintance. Her Samuel

Crisp was a great grandson of the Rev. Tobias Crisp, Rector of Brinkworth, in Hampshire, in the days of Charles I., a zealous Puritan, and a writer of theological works long since forgotten. Tobias had a son, Samuel, who died in 1703, a grandson, also Samuel, who died in 1717, and our Samuel, his great-grandson, the last male of his race, succeeded at the age of ten to his share of his father's estate at Merton and Malden, and to other property in Gloucestershire and Somerset which he inherited from his mother.

Samuel Crisp was thus born, if not to affluence, at least to a very comfortable patrimony. Of his early career we know nothing save that he spent some years in Rome, where he studied art and music. His name does not appear on the matriculation lists of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and we meet him for the first time about the year 1745, when he would be nearing his fortieth year, at Wilbury House, near Andover, the country seat of Fulke Greville. This Fulke Greville, second son of the fifth Lord Brooke, and grandfather of the diarists, Charles and Henry Greville, was a buck of the first water, who lived in great splendor, and delighted in entertaining a houseful of friends with lavish extravagance. Greville, in short, was bent on ruining himself in style, and accomplished his aim some years later by strict devotion to Newmarket. But he was virtuoso as well as sportsman. Lounging one day in the shop of Mr. Kirkman, the harpsichord maker, of Broad Street, Golden Square, he asked him if he knew of any promising young man suitable to act as a musical companion. But he must be a gentleman, Greville insisted, implying that a combination of musical talent with good breeding was scarcely to be found. Kirkman, rather nettled, recommended Charles Burney, an apprentice of the famous Dr. Arne,

and a meeting was arranged. Burney, knowing nothing of the scheme, was introduced to Greville, and charmed him alike by his conversation and by his talents as an executant; and Greville, after paying £300 down to Arne to induce him to tear up the indenture, carried Burney off with him into the country.

It was thus at Greville's house that Burney met Samuel Crisp, about twenty years his senior, and a life-long friendship began. They were kindred spirits. Crisp and "his young Orpheus"—for so he called Burney—used to study music while the other guests at Wilbury House hunted. They played "Bach of Berlin," Handel, Echard, and Scarlatti, or read together Crisp's favorite poets, Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, while the sportsmen of the party made fun of them, called Crisp "a renegade from the chase," and affected to pity him for being so "consumedly bored." In her memoir of her father, Madame D'Arblay thus describes Crisp. "His person and port," she says, "were distinguished; his address was even courtly; his face had the embellishment of a striking, fine outline; bright, harsh, penetrating, yet arch eyes; an open front; a noble Roman nose, and a smile of a thousand varied expressions. Moreover, he was profound in wisdom, sportive in wit, sound in understanding. A scholar of the highest order, a critic of the clearest acumen, possessing with equal delicacy of discrimination a taste for literature and for the arts, and personally excelling, as a dilettante, both in music and painting." Crisp was, in short, a polished and cultured man of taste, singularly free from the artificialities of his age, an ideal companion for a youth in the position of young Burney, who, in later years, described him as

The guide and tutor of my early youth

Whose word was wisdom and whose wisdom truth.

Moreover, Burney called his friend "Daddy" Fifteen years afterwards, Burney's children were to do the same.

Burney's marriage and removal to King's Lynn in Norfolk separated the two friends. Crisp remained in the fashionable world, and wrote a tragedy on the familiar episode of Appius Claudius and Virginia. Through the influence of the Earl of Coventry the play was submitted to the elder Pitt, who returned it with a few words of praise, and the manuscript was sent on to Garrick. The actor-manager kept it by him without returning a definite answer. Crisp grew impatient and played his trump card. His friend, Lord Coventry, induced the Countess to take a copy of the tragedy and drive to Garrick's house in Southampton Row. She sent in word that she had a moment's business with the actor, who hastened to the side of her carriage. "There, Mr. Garrick," she said, with a smile, as she proffered the manuscript, "I put into your hands a play which the best judges tell me will do honor to you and the author." How could Garrick refuse such an invitation from the lips of the younger Miss Gunning, whose beauty was such that the King granted her a guard of soldiers to keep back the people who thronged to see her when she walked in the Mall? "Virginia" was put into rehearsal at once.

Garrick wrote a lively prologue and epilogue, and did his very best for the success of "Virginia." This was frankly acknowledged by Crisp, in his preface to the published version of the play, where he thanks him for "his masterly performances in the representation (that is nothing new) and for the friendly advice by which the play was rendered much more dramat-

le than it was at first." Garrick himself took the part of Virgilius, the father of the heroine; Appius, the Decemvir, was played by the "iron-throated" Irishman, Mossop; Johnson's friend, Tom Davies, the actor-bookseller, played Claudius, the tool of Appius. As Marcia, sister of Claudius, Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, made her *début*, and her great beauty—it is said that Garrick was not at first very favorably impressed by her acting—helped to give attraction to the piece. Finally, Virginia was played by Mrs. Cibber, the most fascinating actress of her day.

The play ran for eleven nights, which secured the author his "three benefits," and justifies Madame D'Arblay's statement that "'Virginia' neither succeeded nor failed." But it is evident that it was only saved from utter failure by the genius of the actors. Crisp, however, was bitterly annoyed when it was taken off, and continually pressed Garrick to give it a second trial. He made various emendations, and was prepared to make more, but Garrick was obdurate, and knew his business best. If Crisp, as Madame D'Arblay says, really thought that "the performers had been negligent, Mr. Garrick unfriendly, and the public precipitate," he provides but another instance of the extraordinary incapacity that clever men often display in judging their own work. To his last day Crisp considered that he had been badly treated by Garrick—"his soul was little," he said bitterly, many years afterwards—and he carefully treasured the manuscript of his play, which is still in existence, written in a beautifully fine Italian hand, with the parallel passages from Livy printed with the pen as footnotes.

Mortified at what he considered his failure, and also finding that the expenses of fashionable life in London had made serious inroads into his cap-

ital, Crisp retired to Hampton, where he "fitted up a small house with paintings, prints, sculptures, and musical instruments, arranged with the most classical elegance." His friends did not forsake him when he thus withdrew into the country—Garrick, it may be mentioned, also had a house at Hampton—on the contrary, they seem to have swooped down upon him in flocks. He tried to get some official post to relieve his embarrassments, as did his friend, Fulke Greville, who was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Munich, when he had run through his patrimony. Crisp was not so successful. Promises raised his hopes, but apparently he was too proud to importune, and nothing definite was done for him. Finally, his housekeeping expenses at Hampton rose so high as to "startle him with a prospect, sudden and frightful, of the road to ruin," and a severe fit of the gout helped to deepen his mental depression. He then formed the resolution of saving the poor remains of his personal fortune by selling up his house and effects, and burying himself in a remote retreat, where he would be safe from the intrusion of his fashionable and extravagant acquaintances. Such a refuge he found to his hand at Chessington—then spelt Chesington—in a tumble-down mansion belonging to an old friend of his own, named Christopher Hamilton, who also had got through his money. Chessington Hall, which dated back to the days of Henry VIII., had been built and owned by a family named Hatton. The last Hatton died in 1746. He had married a widow, a Mrs. Hamilton, who died in 1752, and Christopher Hamilton was her son, who, three years after succeeding to the property, raised a mortgage on the estate of £2,900. The Hall stood upon what was then "a large, lone and nearly desolate common, and no regu-

lar road or even track to the mansion from Epsom, the nearest town, had for many years been spared from its encircling ploughed fields or fallow ground." So difficult was it of access that invited guests were provided with a clue, as though the fields were a labyrinth—the footpaths of the neighborhood are still rather intricate—and the lanes were so bad that Fanny Burney and her sisters used to take them as a standard of muddiness, with which to compare other bad roads they might encounter in their travels. Crisp "adopted some picnic plan with Mr. Hamilton" for sharing expenses, and when the latter died—the year is not known—his sister, Mrs. Sarah Hamilton, was obliged to supplement her income by taking in a number of boarders. Chesington Hall became Crisp's "fugitive sanctuary" from 1764 down to his death in 1783.

But he did not utterly cut himself off from the outside world, for every spring, when his gout allowed him, he used to come up to London in order to attend the concerts and picture galleries and keep himself abreast of the latest developments in the world of art. It was on one of these periodical visits to town that he chanced upon his old friend, Burney, at the house of a mutual acquaintance, Mr. Vincent. Long absence had made no breach in their regard for one another, and letters had passed between them, for in one of these Crisp had advised Burney to quit the society of "the foggy aldermen" of Lynn and migrate to London. He wrote:—

I have no more to say, my dear Burney, about harpsichords, and if you remain among your foggy aldermen, I shall be the more indifferent whether I have one or not. But really, among friends, is not settling at Lynn planting your youth, genius, hopes, fortunes, &c., against a north wall? Can you ever expect ripe, high-flavored fruit

from such an aspect? Take, then, your spare person, your pretty mate, and your brats to that propitious mart (London) and "seize the golden opportunity" while you have youth, spirits, and vigor to give fair play to your abilities.

The advice was excellent. Burney took it, transplanted his family to London in 1760, and settled in the now dingy Poland Street, on the south side of the Oxford Road, and close to the Pantheon. The "pretty mate" was dead, and Burney was a widower, but the "brats," as Crisp unceremoniously called them, became his constant and most devoted friends. "From his very first entrance amidst the juvenile group, he became instinctively honored as a counsellor for his wisdom and judgment, and loved and liked as a companion for his gaiety, his good humor, and his delight in their rising affections, which led him unremittingly, though never obtrusively, to mingle instruction with their most sportive intercourse." So wrote Madame D'Arblay in her old age, but to the youthful Fanny—his "Fannikin"—to her sisters "Hettina" and "Susettikin," and to her brothers also, he was ever "Daddy Crisp," their "dear Chesington Daddy." Dr. Burney was not a robust man; he had a "lean carcass," which he systematically overtaxed; and so, whenever he could snatch a few days from his work—and he was the most fashionable teacher of music in London—he used to take himself off to Chesington to his "care-healing, heart-expanding, and head-informing Mr. Crisp." There was a curious old room at the end of a long passage in Chesington Hall, where Burney could work undisturbed at his "History of Music," or play backgammon with his friend, and the Burney children called it the "Conjuring Closet." When Crisp was in town he was constantly at Poland Street, and

we are told that it was primarily for his sake that Dr. Burney started "the musical assemblies," or musical evenings, which, when Crisp was absent, Fanny described for him at length in her gossip letters. All the best musicians in London, all the stars, native and foreign, of the opera, used to sing and play in the Doctor's parlors in Poland Street, and, to a still greater extent, in his later residences in Queen Square and St. Martin's Street. Crisp had heard all the great Italian singers of his youth and early manhood at Rome, and delighted to compare the merits of Farnielli, Senesino, and Cuzzoni with those of Agujari, Gabrielli, and Paccheriotti.

Of the four Burney girls, Fanny was Crisp's special favorite. Her father used to speak of him as "Fanny's Flame." Crisp liked her old-fashioned ways—even as a child she was always called "the old lady"—and, when she grew up, the affection deepened. Nor was he the only "old fellow" who fell in love with Fanny in a quiet, paternal way. "I observe," he wrote to her, in 1773, *à propos* to an old doctor, named Fothergill, who had made a fuss of her, "that we old fellows are inclinable to be very fond of you. You'll say 'What care I for old fellows? Give me a young one!' Well, we won't hinder you of young ones, and we judge more coolly and disinterestedly than they do; so don't turn up your nose at our approbation." And Fanny, for her part, was devoted to her "ever charming, engaging, beloved, Mr. Crisp." "I love him more than ever," she confided to her "Diary" in 1769, when she was a girl of seventeen, "every time I see him I cannot help saying so. . . . His very smile is all benevolence as well as playfulness." Whenever he came to town he used to press Dr. Burney to let the girls go and stay with him at Chesington. He "bespoke" them, he said; and Fanny's heart used to

"prompt her most furiously" to second his entreaties.

Fanny did not go to Chesington Hall between 1766 and 1771, but she gives us an animated account of a visit in the latter year, and of the fun she had had with the boarders under Mrs. Hamilton's roof. There was Mrs. Hamilton herself, "a very good little old woman, hospitable and even-tempered," and her forty-year-old niece, Kitty Cooke, a simple soul, who had a perfect genius for mangling the English language, but would do anything for anybody—a pattern of blundering good nature. There was also a middle-aged French lady, Mdle. Rosat—Kitty Cooke called her "Rossiter"—who, "when in spirits, was droll and humorous, but her misfortunes had left indelible traces on her mind, which subjected her to extreme low spirits." There was a Mr. Featherstone, own brother to a baronet, "equally ugly and cross," hobbling about on crutches with a broken leg. Finally, the party included Mr. Crisp, "who alone would make Chesington a Paradise," and the Burney contingent, comprising Fanny and a brother and sister, her step-sister, Maria Allen, and Miss Barsanti, a singer. The great event of the visit was some amateur theatricals, for which Maria Allen had to borrow a suit of clothes from Mr. Featherstone, which made her look as broad as she was long, and sent the audience into fits of inextinguishable laughter. "We all left Chesington with regret," says Fanny, "it is a place of peace, ease, freedom, and cheerfulness."

Next year Fanny stayed at home, but her sister Susan and Maria Allen went to Chesington. And a lively scene there was when they got there, for Maria had made a secret marriage at Antwerp, and no one dared tell the truth to Dr. and the second Mrs. Burney—who, by the way, had themselves

married clandestinely. Then Fanny received an agitated letter from Maria:

My Dear Fan.—All's over—Crisp knows I am Maria Rishton—He took me aside the first night after I had by hints, hums, and ha's told him Risby and I were to be one—and showed him the dog's picture—well, the old devil grew so scurrilous—he almost made me mad. If Risby had been a Mahoun (i.e., a Turk) he could not have merited what Crisp said.

Susan gives us further details. She shows us Maria in tears, hiding her face in the bedclothes, and Crisp demanding to know what in the world the fuss was about. "What's all this?" said he. For answer, Kitty Cooke "clawed hold" of Maria's left hand and displayed the wedding ring in dumb show. Excellent, middle-aged Kitty! Crisp satisfied himself that the marriage had been "a well-witnessed one" and insisted that the parents should be informed at once. And then "the old devil," as Maria calls him, probably went off chuckling to his "Conjuring Closet."

In the same year he began, at her urgent request, a regular correspondence with his Fannikin. She asked him to point out any faults of style in her first letter, and he wrote back saying that he saw none. "The deuce take all critics and schoolmasters or observers of composition," he says. "I hate them all. . . . There is no fault in an epistolary correspondence like stiffness or study. Dash away whatever comes uppermost! The sudden sallies of imagination, clapped down on paper just as they arise, are worth folios." We may suspect that Crisp detected in Fanny a pernicious leaning to that bastard "Johnsonese," which later on absolutely ruined her style.

Crisp's own letters are delightful reading, full of wit and high spirits,

and abounding in happy phrases. When Fanny complains that they are not newsworthy enough, he retorts, "The truth is Chesington produces nothing but bacon and greens, with a new-laid egg or so, and, the week round, the meats are pretty much the same, so that I can give you no better than I have, Fanny." While, therefore, she entertains him with accounts of the parties they have been having in St. Martin's Street, and gives him spirited descriptions of Omal, from the South Sea Islands, Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, Orloff, the favorite of Catherine the Great, and singers and musicians without end, he can only chronicle the humdrum doings at quiet Chesington. She is, he declares, "a Jew, an Ebrew Jew, of the line of Shyllock" to think that "a poor, forked, unbelieving Christian like himself can send her news." Very rarely do we find the cynic touch in the letters of Crisp, the note of the disappointed man, as when he warns his Fannikin not to be smitten too much by the bright side of sincerity. "Take the word of an old sufferer," he says. "It ten times hurts the owner for once it does any good to the hearer, whom you are to thank and be highly obliged to, if he does not from that moment become your enemy." In other words, candor does not pay. So again he warns her not to set too high a store on constancy and fidelity in the "commerce between the sexes." She must not expect too much from men or be too severe on them if they fail to come up to her high standard.

Be assured, my dear Fanny, that men are just what they are designed to be—animals of prey. All men are cats, all young girls mice, morsels, dainty bits. Now to suppose, when the mouse comes from her hole, that the generous sentimental Grimalkin will not seize her, is contrary to all nature and experience, and even to the design

and order of Providence, for, depend upon it, whatever is right, and however strange the doctrine may seem, the constant, universal and invariable innate Disposition and Practice of all mankind from the beginning of things and in all ages must have been originally meant and intended.

What, then, is the moral? Simply this, that where youth and love are in question, "the only security is flight, or bars and bolts and walls." There speaks the man of the fashionable world, who has his Pope's "Essays" by heart, and ingeniously draws in the argument from design comfortably to cover up the frailty of mankind.

In September, 1774, Fanny was again at Chesington, and found there some new company. The "Baronet's brother" was gone, but Mdlle. Rosat had a friend staying with her, a Mdlle. Courvoisyois, the pronounciation of whose name baffled everyone in the place save Daddy Crisp. Kitty Cooke frankly gave up the attempt, and called her "Miss Crewe." There were also a Mrs. Simmonds, "vulgar and forward"; her daughter, Miss Simmonds, "struggling to be polite"; and a Mrs. Moore, "contentedly at the head of stupidity." Crisp, the Major-domo of this strange boarding-house, was in high spirits, though it cannot have been a very promising company from which to obtain a good "four" for his favorite whist table. He used to play with a dummy rather than forego his game, but his patience was often sorely tried. On such occasions, we are told that it was his custom to bow ccremoniously to his blundering partner and murmur, "Bless you! Bless you!"

It seems strange that Fanny never confided to her old friend that she was busy writing a novel, for in everything else he was her absolute confidante. In 1775 she had an offer of marriage from a Mr. Thomas Barlow,

a shy, diffident youth, who wrote his proposal after the briefest possible acquaintance, and followed it up with a nervous, embarrassed call, of which she gives a mercilessly accurate description in her early diary. Mr. Barlow was an eligible suitor of twenty-four, in easy circumstances, blameless, and entirely inoffensive. Her father favored the match; and, when Daddy Crisp was consulted, he too, to Fanny's great dismay, urged her, in a letter full of good sense and wit, to think twice before refusing. He tells Fanny that her indignation at what she calls Mr. Barlow's presumption puts him in mind of Molliere's "Précieuses Ridicules." "Read it," he goes on, "you young devil, and blush!" Then he continues, in praise of the diffident Barlow:—

Ah! Fanny, such a disposition promises a thousand-fold more happiness, more solid, lasting, home-felt happiness than all the seducing exterior airs, graces, accomplishments and addresses of an artful—(Madame D'Arblay in later years scored out the word). Such a man as this young Barlow, if ever you are so lucky and so well advised as to be united to him, will improve upon you every hour. You will discover in him graces and charms which kindness will bring to light, that at present you have no idea of—I mean, if his character is truly given by Hetty. That is the grand object of enquiry, as likewise his circumstances; this last, as a great sheet-anchor, upon which we are to depend in our voyage through life, ought most minutely to be scrutinized. . . . Look round you, Fan; look at your aunts. Fanny Burney won't be always what she is now. Mrs. Hamilton once had an offer of £3,000 a year, or near it; a parcel of young giggling girls laughed her out of it. The man, forsooth, was not quite smart enough, though otherwise estimable. Oh Fan! this is not a marrying age without a handsome Fortune! Suppose you to lose your father, take in all chances! Consider

the situation of an unprotected, unprovided woman.

So he urged and pressed, but to no avail. Fanny was obdurate. Mr. Barlow received his *congé*, and is heard of no more, while Crisp himself was reduced to silence when Fanny told him that she had "long since settled to either attach myself with my whole heart, or to have the courage to lead apes." Afterwards he seems to have admitted that there was a good deal to be said for Fanny's point of view.

"Evelina"—Fanny's great secret—was published in 1778, and in that year she was ordered country air by the family doctor. Naturally, she went down to Chesington, with her sister Susan. The novel also made the journey and was read aloud in Fanny's presence before Crisp and the other boarders. They were enraptured with it, and constantly turned to her, and asked if she did not think this or that passage was fine, or speculated as to who the author might be, little thinking that she was in their midst. Crisp, indeed, used to poke fun at her for writing so many letters, called her "the scribe," and "the authoress," asked when she was thinking of print, and one day when his sister, Mrs. Gast, said, "Pray, Miss Burney, now you write so much, when do you intend to publish?" he broke in with, "Publish? Why, she *has* published; she brought out a book the other day that has made a great noise—'Evelina'—and she bribed the reviewers to speak well of it and set it a-going." Fanny says that she was "almost ready to run out of the room" at this, until she saw that Crisp had not the most remote idea of the truth. It was while she was recruiting at Chesington that she received a letter from her father, telling her how Burke had sate up to finish "Evelina," how Sir Joshua would not relinquish it even at his

meals, and how even Dr. Johnson had read it through and was delighted with it. When she finished this flattering letter "a fit of wild spirits" came over her, and, as she told Sir Walter Scott and Samuel Rogers long years afterwards, she darted out of the room on to the lawn, and danced lightly and gaily around her favorite mulberry tree. This had been an old habit of Fanny's when a girl, and Crisp looked on in mild surprise. "Do you remember," he wrote to her in 1779, "about a dozen years ago, how you used to dance Nancy Dawson on the grass plot, with your cap on the ground, and your long hair streaming down your back, one shoe off, and throwing about your head like a mad thing?"

Fanny did not enlighten her Chesington Daddy as to the cause of the outburst, and the secret was left for Dr. Burney to disclose. It was told in the "Conjuring Closet." Fanny happened to be going into the room when she heard her father say, "The variety of characters—the variety of scene—and the language—why, she has had very little education but what she has given herself—less than any of the others," and Crisp exclaimed, "Wonderful!—it's wonderful." Fanny hurriedly decamped. An hour later, she met Crisp going through the hall. He playfully doubled his fist at her, and would have caught her, but she ran off. Then, before supper, he again met her, held her hands, and exclaimed, "Why, you little hussy; you young devil! ain't you ashamed to look me in the face, you Evelina, you? Why, what a dance you have led me about it! Young friend, indeed! O, you little hussy, what tricks you have served me!" Then he kept breaking out every three instants with the cry, "Wonderful, wonderful!" told her that Lowndes, the bookseller, ought to have given her £1,000 for the book, and said,

"You have nothing to do now, but to take your pen in hand, for your fame and reputation are made, and any bookseller will snap at what you write."

The success of "Evelina" gave Fanny Burney the *entrée* into the best literary society of the day. It led especially to her intimate friendship with the Thrales and Dr. Johnson—though she had already met them at her father's house—and with all the members of the Streatham circle. Fanny was delighted, quite naturally, at the cordiality of her welcome, and her letters to Crisp bear witness to her pleasure. He was not jealous of her new friends, but he—and her father, too—became a little anxious as her visits to Streatham lengthened out into weeks and months. It was well for her to be enlarging her horizon and to be enjoying herself, but was she not in danger of losing the tide which comes in the affairs of young authoresses as of grown men? In other words, was she working, while her market was waiting for her? "More! More! More! Another Production!"—this was the burden of the letters of the shrewd old hermit at Chesington. Fanny's new friends had urged her to write a comedy—they all declared that with her skill in dialogue and her genius as a "character-monger," it was bound to be a success. Mrs. Montagu, the Queen of the Blue Stockings, begged to be allowed to see the play in manuscript and make suggestions; Sheridan eagerly offered to accept it on trust before it was written. When it was finished; Fanny gave her comedy the name of "The Witlings." The Streathamites praised it, but from Chesington there came an adverse verdict, in a letter which Fanny describes as "a hissing, groaning, cat-calling epistle." Crisp did not like the play, and prophesied failure—whether rightly or wrong we cannot tell, for the

manuscript has not survived. He had not favored the suggestion that "his dear Fannikin" should turn playwright. He did not, indeed, doubt her capacity. "I think you capable, highly capable of it"; he said. "But in the attempt there are great difficulties in the way: some more particularly and individually in the way of a Fanny than of most people." And then he went on to explain his meaning. A comedy requires more than a spice of *diablerie*. Some of the situations are apt to be *risqué*. If the characters are to be alive and true to Nature, there must needs be "frequent lively freedoms (and waggeries that cannot be called licentious either), that give a strange animation and vigor to the style, and of which, if it were to be deprived, it would lose wonderfully of its salt and spirit." But how was a little prude like Fanny—"and you know you are one," he says—to put in strokes of this kind without losing delicacy. Nor does it follow, he insists, that a successful novelist must succeed as a writer of comedy:—

In these little entertaining elegant histories (*i.e.*, in novels), the writer has full scope; as large a range as he pleases to hunt in—to pick, cull, select whatever he likes; he takes his own time—he may be as minute as he pleases, and the more minute the better, provided that taste, a deep and penetrating knowledge of human nature and the world, accompany that minuteness. When this is the case, the very soul, and all its most secret recesses and workings, are developed and laid as open to the view as the blood globules circulating in a frog's foot, when seen through a microscope. The exquisite touches such a work is capable of (of which "Evelina" is, without flattery, a glaring instance) are truly charming. But of these advantages, these resources, you are strangely curtailed the moment you begin a comedy. There everything passes in dialogue—all goes on rapidly—narrative and descriptive, if not extremely short, be-

come intolerable. The detail, which in Fielding, Marivaux, and Crebillon, is so delightful, on the stage would bear down all patience. There all must be compressed into quintessence; the moment the scene ceases to move on briskly, and business seems to hang, sighs and groans are the consequence. Dreadful sound! In a word, if the plot, the story of the comedy, does not open and unfold itself in the easy, natural, unconstrained flow of the dialogue, if that dialogue does not go on with spirit, wit, variety, fun, humor, repartee, and—and, all in short into the bargain—*serviteur!*—good-bye t'ye!

It would be impossible to better that piece of criticism. Fanny replied that she would "a thousand times rather forfeit her character as a writer than risk ridicule or censure as a female," but it is evident from her "Diary" that she was more than a little disappointed that her Chesington Daddy did not like her first and only essay at comedy. None the less, she bowed to his judgment, and her play never saw the footlights.

Throughout this year, 1779, there was much talk of a foreign invasion of England, and Crisp, in his peaceful hermitage, was in a perfect fever of anxiety about it. He writes despondently to Fanny in June, saying that he fears he has lived a few years too long, for he had much rather be under ground than see "the insolent Bourbon trampling under foot this once happy island." Susan Burney was at Chesington, and she tells us how Crisp depressed the boarders with his doleful prophecies. "Mr. Crisp, who spends his life in perpetual apprehension of terrible national calamities, went to Kingston the other morning, and came back with a countenance calculated to terrify and crush temerity itself. He could eat no dinner." For he had heard that the French had landed at Falmouth, that French and Spanish warships were throwing

bombs into Plymouth, that a force was marching on London, and must inevitably pass through Kingston. Consequently Chesington, for all its miry lanes, was not safe, and the worst was to be feared! Nor was it until some days had passed that the old man was himself again, and could either eat, sleep, or talk.

During this summer, Fanny spoke so much of her Daddy Crisp to the Streathamites, that Mrs. Thrale said she was "determined to become a favorite with that Mr. Crisp," and packed up a pine-apple—then esteemed one of the greatest luxuries—with a basket of fruit, to be taken to Chesington by Fanny in the post-chaise, with her compliments. Crisp accepted the fruit with great good humor, but fought shy of the proposal for a meeting. However, when Mrs. Thrale had set her capricious fancy on anything, she usually had her way, and "a surprise expedition" was plotted, to consist of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, and her father. On the day arranged, Dr. Burney could not go, but the others went, and the meeting took place. It was a great success. Mrs. Thrale—so wrote Fanny long years afterwards—was equally charmed with, and surprised at, "the elegance of Mr. Crisp in language and manners," and Mr. Crisp was pleased by "the courteous readiness and unassumed good humor with which Mrs. Thrale received the inartificial civilities of Kitty Cooke and the old-fashioned but cordial hospitality of Mrs. Hamilton." Moreover, the Thrales were greatly entertained by Chesington Hall itself, which they "prowled over with gay curiosity," exploring every nook and corner, and visiting even the attics and the leads.

Crisp returned the visit at Streatham as soon as his old enemy, the gout, permitted him to travel. He had stipulated that Dr. Burney should be

there, too, but the day did not pass off very well, in spite of all Mrs. Thrale's tact as a hostess. Dr. Johnson was "grave and silent", the talk did not flow; ease was sadly wanting; for, as Madame D'Arblay said, "If Johnson did not make the charm of conversation, he only marred it by his presence, from the general fear he incited that if he spoke not he might listen, and that if he listened he might reprove." Yet Johnson was pleased with Crisp, for, when the latter had gone, he said of him: "Sir, it is a very singular thing to see a man with all his powers so much alive, when he has so long shut himself up from the world."

The correspondence between Crisp and Fanny continued without intermission. The old man treasured up every scrap of her handwriting, and made faithful transcripts of her "Diaries." He knew their value, and prophesied their future fame. What charmed him most was their unconventionality and spontaneity, so different from the letters of the renowned Bas Bleu, Mrs. Montagu, whom he had long set down for "a vain, empty, conceited pretender, and little else." Whenever Fanny went to Chesington, she had hard work to leave. "If I hint at but going away," she writes to Mrs. Thrale, "he storms and raves with such a vengeance, you would stare to see and start to hear him." Crisp was growing very deaf, and wrote in 1781 that he had already had "a pretty long and convincing proof that his shattered frame was not immortal." He complained, though without a note of querulousness, of gout, rheumatism, indigestion, and want of sleep—a formidable array of ailments. Yet his spirits were marvellous, and, as Mrs. Thrale said, he was so "very unlike an old man." Nor did his judgment become impaired or his criticism lose its edge. When Fanny consulted him about her second novel, "*Caecilia*"—which appeared in 1782—

and sent him the rough proofs, he urged her to revise it most carefully. "You have so much to lose," he said, "you cannot take too much care. Not that I would have you file, and polish and refine, till the original fire and spirit of the composition flies off in vapor—and that, I dare say, is what he (i.e., Dr. Burney) would guard against; and so should I if I were not convinced there is no danger of that to be apprehended; *that* belongs to your half geniuses; a true—a real—a great one cannot be otherwise than highly luxuriant and must be pruned." In the same letter occurs a passage in which he advises Fanny to listen to all people have to say, "but never to give up or alter a title merely on their authority, nor unless it perfectly coincides with your own inward feelings. I can say this to my sorrow and my cost. But mum!" Again the reference is to his luckless tragedy.

There were passages in "*Caecilia*" to which Crisp "warmly objected"; and he evidently thought the book inferior to "*Evelina*," though he declared that "nothing like it had appeared since Fielding and Smollett." Then he warned her not to remit her ardor and industry to be perfect. "There have been more instances than one, where writers have wrote themselves down, by slovenliness, laziness, and presuming too much on public favor for what is past." But, after all, his main anxiety was not lest Fanny should write carelessly, but lest she should let the ink dry too long on her pen. He was afraid the ceaseless round of visiting and gaiety and parties was occupying too much of her time. The authoress of "*Evelina*," the ingenious Miss Burney, was much run after by the fashionable hostesses of London. She had such acknowledged masters of taste as Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson—to say nothing of Soame Jenyns—to sing her praises; she

was also the *protégée* of Mrs. Thrale, and that charming old lady, Mrs. Delany. Crisp was anxious she should make her future financially secure while her books were the rage. And so he wrote quite frankly:—

Now, Fannikin, I must remind you of your promise, which was to come to your loving daddy when you could get loose. Look ye, Fanny, I don't mean to cajole you hither with the expectation of amusement or entertainment. You and I know better than to hum or to be hummed in that manner. If you come here, come to work—work hard—stick to it. This is the harvest time of your life: your sun shines hot; lose not a moment, then, but make your hay directly. "Touch the yellow boys," as Briggs says; "grow warm," make the booksellers come down handsomely—count the ready—the chink. Do but secure this one point while it is in your power, and all things else shall be added unto thee.

This was probably one of the very last letters that Crisp wrote. The old man's life was nearly done. In the early spring of 1783, while Susan Burney—now become Mrs. Susan Phillips—was staying there, Crisp's old malady, the gout, grew alarmingly worse. He had a seizure, from which he made slow recovery, and then suffered a relapse. But he could still take pleasure in reading, for on April 12th, we find Dr. Burney forwarding to his old friend the "*Mémoires de Petrarque*," which he had expressed a desire to see. Fanny wrote a really touching letter, in which she prayed God to bless and restore "her most dear daddy," and then, when Susan sent word that recovery was hopeless, she herself hastened to Chesington. Of the closing scenes we know nothing, save that the patient suffered great torture, and that his "plous sister," Mrs. Ann Gast, of Bulford, in Oxfordshire, daily read to him the prayers for the dying. He lingered until April

24th, and then passed away, to Fanny's infinite sorrow. All her life she cherished his memory.

There is little more to be said. The pyramidal monument in white marble, for which Dr. Burney wrote the epitaph which we quoted at the beginning of this article, was put up at the cost of his sister, Mrs. Gast, and of Kitty Cooke, who was made his residuary legatee. Fanny's letters to Crisp were bequeathed by him to Mrs. Gast, at whose death they passed to her next of kin, a Mrs. Frodsham, and she returned them as an unsolicited gift to Madame D'Arblay. Mrs. Hamilton lived at the Hall until her death, in 1797, at the age of 92. The estate then passed to a family named Penny, who left it to General Dalrymple, one of the intimates of William IV., when Duke of Clarence. He died, in 1832, at the patriarchal age of 96. The old Hall which, in 1764, had been described as being in the last stages of decay, was then pulled down, and the present building erected on the old foundation. During the last sixty years it has been in the possession of the Chancellor family, by whom the grounds have been carefully preserved as they were in the days when Crisp was the doyen of Mrs. Hamilton's boarding establishment, the organizer of its quiet revels, and—we may be sure—the genial autocrat of its dinner and supper table. There are still to be seen the narrow grass-grown avenue leading down to the Hall from the church, containing ancient chestnut trees, which Elizabeth is said to have planted when on her way to Nonsuch Park; the little grass plot, whose turf bespeaks its age; the impenetrable wall of time-defying yew, the relics of two giant mulberry trees, which still struggle to bring forth fruit in due season; the base of a tall elm, which came crashing down a few years since. At the further side of the house are

the brick pigeoncote, and the spreading garden with broad walks, not of gravel, but of smooth-cropped turf, up and down which the ugly and cross Baronet's brother hobbled on his crutches, exploding with mysterious laughter at the thought of Maria Allen borrowing his spare suit. And in the extreme corner is the gentle eminence, which in Fanny's day was known as the Mount, overlooking the valley and wooded slopes that lie towards Epsom. It is only a few feet above the level of

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the garden, but a great elm overshadowing it, and some steps of brick-work lead up to the rough summer-house, surmounted by a curious beehive thatch. This was one of Fanny's favorite retreats, and here, we doubt not, "old Crisp"—as Greville once called him—took the sun, mused on the past, and lamented lost opportunities, or exerted himself—an easy effort—to be gay and sprightly and entertaining to the young friends who were so dear to his heart.

J. B. Firth.

THE LOST SOUL.

The whole story would have been impossible in any other country than India. But in India all things are possible, although it is considered polite to ignore the more improbable in Governmental documents.

Irwin of the police was riding north through a wild wet tract in Punjaub. With him went four mounted native policemen and young Freeman of the Brass Backs, the regiment which is so inordinately proud of the strip of brass at the back of their helmets. Freeman complained fully and freely of the wet, which was his idea of companionship, and regretted his mess-room every half mile of the way.

"Shut up!" said Irwin. "You are riding to see the country by your own choice, and, by gad! you are seeing it with a vengeance. It is of no use cursing the clouds, for they stay."

Freeman came of a military stock. His father limped from a Sepoy bullet received in the Mutiny, and Clive had a Freeman on his staff at Plassy. There were also others. Hence, Freeman, being newly gazetted and not yet routine-fretted to indifference, looked upon the big country with an inherited interest.

The night was threatening. A rain-charged wind blew over the land, searching out the weak places in capes. The clouds were as heavy and as passionless as rolled bronze, and the roads were quaggy. There was a wayside house half a mile further on. Irwin had determined to sleep there. It was rough, but used by the police when moving through the district, and with wet weather a man thinks of his horses. The policeman clanked stolidly on. It was the will of Irwin Sahib that they rode forward, and so they plugged their way indifferently.

Not a thousand yards from the house—they could see its lights winking through the rain—Freeman's horse swerved, and Freeman swore long and fluently. Irwin glanced at the road side. Two dark figures were crouched there impassively. One, tall, gaunt, with a drenched and tattered garment thrown loosely over him, glanced up; the other remained motionless.

"Dismount, Alga Khan, and see who they be," directed Irwin.

Alga Khan approached them with the lordly bearing of a Sikh who served the king towards beggar outcasts of Hindu origin. He spoke in the

guttural vernacular. There was no answer. The one who had moved regarded him with a hopeless unintelligent stare. Suddenly Ahga Khan stooped forward curiously. Then he came back to Irwin's side.

"Sahib, it is a fakir and his servant. With the permission of the Presence, the fakir is dead."

Both Irwin and Freeman rode nearer. The fakir, with a shrivelled wasted arm lifted on high and the wind playing with his long, unkempt, heavily-matted beard, was certainly dead, had died there in the roadside ditch as quietly and as impassively as he had ordered the whole of his life. He was apparently a man of much acquired piety, for his lifted arm had been fixed by the slow process of years. Before him was an empty metal dish, used for the offerings of passers-by. The cutting of a new road had diverted traffic, and apparently the old man had died of starvation.

"This is perfectly Indian," said Irwin, "pretty picturesque country, eh, Freeman? We had better send two of the men back from the house with a stretcher of sorts."

Freeman looked at the imperturbable figure of the man who had moved. He was as serene and unconscious as the grim figure beside him. Dust and mud had begrimed his face, but in the dull light he seemed to be less dusky than a Hindu, more of the color of an Afghan.

"He's a lone looking beggar, Jack," Freeman said. "We had better carry him on with us, hadn't we?"

A policeman beckoned to the squatting figure, and he rose, as docile as a dog, and followed passively. His straggling beard hung to his knees, heavy with mud and filth. The loose garment flapped damply in the wind and showed big rents through which the rain beat.

Irwin and Freeman sat, pipe in mouth, out-stretched in luxury after a dinner that might have been worse and was certainly plentiful.

"It is a rum country, Freeman," said Irwin. "We sit heavily on it and do things which sound big in reports, but after all we only scratch a little on the surface. Underneath is the real thing which is unknowable and which we never touch. That passive scare-crow we brought in to-night is a type. What do we know of him? How can we possibly understand him? He is a disreputable, uncleanly old man, but he baffles us—the whole of the administration and my lordly self."

"Poor beggar," Freeman mused. "He had a lighter skin than the run of native I've been used to."

"Afghan possibly; Pathan probably."

"And somehow—it sounds piffle—he seems a little different—he hasn't the usual cut."

"You are fanciful, old chap."

"I suppose I am," Freeman answered, gazing at the smoke clouds. "This country is in my bones. There always seem to have been a few of us here. I felt like coming home in the Bombay cemetery; there were so many of us. That old beggar haunts me. There is something—oh, you are right, I'm getting fanciful and nervey!"

"The rains! You'd better clear out to the hills at once and put in your leave there." Irwin spoke heroically, for even a companion who grows all day at the weather is something to hug when life is mostly lone riding. "This is the beginning, Freeman. We shall have the fever on us soon."

"Have you ever felt a call, Jack? It sounds awful rot—but there is something about the old chap—I don't know how to explain it—as though he were calling to me across long years."

Irwin looked at the youngster curiously.

"You had better take a blue pill," he said, "because your liver has become mutinous. Or," he added, slowly, "there is another alternative."

"What is that, Jack? On my word my liver is as orderly as a—May meeting."

"You will have to swallow India. Some of you fellows born in India, as a man at home is born to a business, have to do it quickly. You come home when you slip ashore at Bombay."

"That's so, Jack." Freeman looked lazily at the smoke. "I knew the place directly my heel ground the quay, I knew the smells, I knew the people. I had seen them before in dreams. It isn't so wonderful, is it? The governor was out here, married out here, I was born out here, and now I have come home as it were. That's what you mean by swallowing India, eh?"

"That and more. You get there by intuition, while we scratch along on the surface. You know things because you know 'em, because they are part of you, while we only guess darkly."

"The old beggar is a case in point, Jack." The young sub, with the clear-cut nose marred by a broadened tip, the Freeman nose, leant forward and spoke earnestly. He was vaguely troubled by the call of the strange old country to him, the call he could feel in every nerve and every fibre. "He calls to me—I feel somehow that I know him. Years ago I must have met him—before I was a Freeman, perhaps. Oh, Jack, this is the very tenth story of rot, but you know how the country gets hold of you, and how hard it is to explain things!"

Irwin scraped his pipe very carefully.

"When I first did service I tried to explain things, and it worried me vastly, and it worried the authorities

far more. Since then I take things as they are, and explain those which are easy, and let the others go as the unexplainable. It is a neat word, and saves a great deal of trouble."

"He is a rum old beggar. He never spoke, but plodded after us as though he were always used to being ordered about. And he was so starved-looking—so gaunt, miserable, abject."

"Ahga Khan will have seen to him."

"Let's have him in, Jack."

Irwin spoke to him in the vernacular, and the old man in a whining voice made cringing answer. For some moments the young sub leant forward with parted lips, looking from the alert decisive policeman to the limp old man, trying to gather the scope of the conversation.

Irwin shook his head.

"He has no knowledge and no intelligence. He is merely an empty case of flesh—there is no soul and no brain. Yet he puzzles me—he is certainly unlike the ordinary native—and I know most types."

Irwin looked at the man again curiously.

Freeman spoke.

"If it were not utterly and egregiously impossible, I should say that an Englishman might look like that if the country swallowed him long enough."

The old man, who had been passive enough under Irwin's examination in the vernacular, began to stir uneasily.

He glanced up at Freeman, and there was a gleam of interest in his dead eyes. Moving thus, his head came between Irwin and the light in outline. The policeman sat up sharply.

"If there were miracles to-day—and who may say there are not in this queer land?—I should assert that your old scarecrow friend had the Freeman nose," said Irwin emphatically.

It was there plainly, a long, clear-cut nose broadened at the tip. The old man raised a shaking hand to his nose.

"The Freeman nose," he said, speaking slowly, with an apparently laborious effort after long-forgotten words.

Freeman started forward and clutched at the old man. Irwin jumped to his feet. The old man looked from one to the other as though his eyes were stumbling in a forgotten path. They were very much like the eyes of an owl suddenly awakened by a strong light.

"Who are you?" demanded Freeman. He was shaking with excitement. Irwin, standing a little back, noted how close was the resemblance of their features.

The old man made no answer, but stood looking from one to the other with eyes that seemed desperately striving to break through a fog.

"He is certainly English," said Irwin. "No native ever caught the real ring of our language. But—the attendant of a fakir—the slave of a beggar! And his voice—it must have been years since he spoke a word of his own language!"

The old man's eyes slowly steadied themselves upon young Freeman. Freeman stood by the table craning forward towards him, trembling with the desire of knowledge. His nose, the curious straight cut of the left side of his mouth, the round dint between the eyes were brought into strong re-

lief. The old man stared at him almost unblinkingly, his eyes troubled and wondering. Irwin held his breath. Outside the rain pattered on the verandah roof.

Presently the old man's hand went tremblingly up to his face, and the thin gaunt dirty fingers caught nervously at the left corner of his chin and pulled at the flesh.

"My God!" said Freeman; and Irwin laughed sharply, and suddenly remembering the tragedy that was being indecently uncovered before him, stopped abruptly. He had seen Freeman do that many times in moments of nervous abstraction. It was a trick of the Freemans.

"Who are you?" demanded Freeman breathlessly. "You—you remember Tintern?"

"Tintern?" said the old man, wonderingly. His eyes grew a trifle less uncertain. "Yes—the Hall—home," he continued with difficulty.

"This is the twentieth century," murmured Irwin softly to himself, "and we are not mad."

Young Freeman had forgotten Irwin. He was calling back an old wandering soul to the shrunken lean figure in front of him. There was a horrible tragedy locked up in the making of those vacant eyes.

"And Lahore—you remember Lahore?" he asked again.

The effect was almost instantaneous. The old man cowered suddenly, and an awful fear, a fear that is not good to see in any human eyes, certainly not English ones, gleamed horribly in his. It was a fear that is boundless, and embraces the past, present, and future, and is so terrible that a man's whole body quivers with it.

"And Lahore—and Lahore—oh God—oh God!" He fell forward over the tablecloth—the thin hands clutching at his head. When they picked him up from the table, and sat him in a

chair, he babbled vacantly to Irwin in the vernacular. The soul of the lost man had vanished again.

Freeman spoke to him vehemently, but the light had gone from the vacant eyes, and there was no rekindling it. Presently he fell into a heavy stupor.

Freeman looked at Irwin.

"You know the story?" he said. His voice was shaky. He looked over at the huddled abject figure, and gulped down something in his throat.

"It's yours, old chap. Unless you care—I am not keen on raking up old tales. It has been my lot to see many pieces of stories with neither commencement or ending. Let this be one of them if you will."

"Oh, no, Jack. It's straight and square. My father had an elder brother, Charles. He was brought up in the old place at Tintern—a queer rambling place, Jack, that bred us Freemans for India—and in due course came East. He was in the legal business—a judge, of sorts. He came to Lahore. He was a reckless fellow—some of us are a bit that way. Anyhow, he never understood the native, and he paid for his want of knowledge. There was a dispute about

Temple Bar.

a god. Two temples claimed it, and there was a whole heap of false swearing. Uncle Charles ordered the god to be brought into court, and examined it with his own hands. There was nearly a riot, but luckily there happened to be two white regiments stationed there. Three days afterwards Uncle Charles disappeared. He was never seen again."

The limp starved figure moaned in its sleep.

"Until now," added Freeman.

"He has been in hell," said Irwin.

"Think of it!" muttered Freeman.

"Thirty years! He paid very fully for his ignorance of the native. Think what he has been through to have lost what he has lost, and to have come to what he is!"

A week later the starved gaunt old man who had been attendant to a fakir, died. Soon afterwards there was a new grave in Lahore—"To the Memory of His Honor Charles Freeman, Judge of the Lahore Court." People wondered extremely, because there had been no judge of that name within their memory, and the death date was quite recent.

Walter E. Grogan.

THACKERAY'S BOYHOOD.

Thackeray's great-grandfather was Dr. Thomas Thackeray, head-master of Harrow School. His grandfather, William Makepeace Thackeray, who was the youngest of sixteen children, went to India, and realized an independence in the Civil Service of the East India Company. Richmond, the second son of William Makepeace, and the father of our Thackeray, was also in the same service, and he married Anne Becher, whose father again

was one of the company's servants. The Indian element had a large place in Thackeray's nearest ancestry and connections. He himself was born in Calcutta, July 18, 1811, when his mother was only nineteen. His father's married life was brief. He died in 1816, at the age of thirty-five, and left no other child besides our William Makepeace. A "make-bate" was a term in frequent use for a promoter of strife from the early part of the six-

teenth century to the early part of the eighteenth. "This sort of outrageous party writers are like a couple of make-bates who inflame small quarrels by a thousand stories," says Swift in the *Examiner*. The corresponding term, "a makepeace," was less common, but Shakespeare puts it into the mouth of John of Gaunt in Richard II., "To be a make-peace shall become my age." We are not told how the honorable distinction originated in the Thackeray family. Whatever may be its history, the elders set some store by the name, or they would not have perpetuated it.

In 1817, at the age of six or thereabouts, William Makepeace was sent to England. Writing from America,¹ Easter Sunday, 1856, on board the *Thomas Small*, a Mississippi steamer, he says:

I have been up the Alabama River three and a half days—say 600 miles—and now up the Mississippi near 1000, and in my life have seen nothing more dreary and funereal than these streams. The nature and the people oppress me, and are repugnant to me. I had the keenest pleasure in the lonely beauty of the Nile, and the generous Rhône charmed me, and my native Gunga I remember quite well, and the sense of it as being quite friendly and beautiful; but I go out forward² and the view gives me pain, and I come back. I don't like that great, fierce, strong, impetuous ugliness.

Most grown-up persons have stray memories reaching backwards to six years old and earlier, though they may not always be able to date them. What is noticeable in Thackeray's recollection of his "native Gunga" is his testimony that it was more than an outward appearance to him, and that he had even then a *sense*³ of its friendliness as a distinctive endowment. Dis-

liking commonplace talk about scenery, he had a quick eye for its endless glories, and every form of it which touched him deeply carried with it impressions that belonged to a world not earthy or material.

A sister of Thackeray's father had a son, Richmond Shakespeare, afterwards Sir Richmond, and distinguished for his military services in India. "We had been little friends and playmates," says Thackeray, "from the time of our birth," and they now went to England in the same vessel. Their mothers remaining in India, the two cousins were domiciled at first with their aunt, Mrs. Ritchie, another sister of Thackeray's father, and at the next move, when he was "a tender little thing, just put into short clothes," his first serious, that is, first protracted, sorrows began:

We Indian children were consigned to a school of which our deluded parents had heard a favorable report, but which was governed by a horrible little tyrant, who made our young lives so miserable that I remember kneeling by my little bed of a night, and saying: "Pray God, I may dream of my mother!"⁴

In another passage he gives a list of the comforts he enjoyed, independent of lessons, at that "dreadful place": "cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful!"⁵ After four years of this preparatory training, he was transferred, in January 1822, to the Charterhouse, at the age of ten and a half, and remained there till the close of his school-days in 1828.

At the Charterhouse we begin to learn something of his disposition. In a letter written in answer to the inquiries of Anthony Trollope, George Venables says that on his arrival at

¹ To the writer, Whitwell Elwin.

² That is, on the deck of the steamer.

³ He himself had underscored the word.

⁴ "Roundabout Papers."—"On Letts's Diary"

⁵ Ibid.—"On being Found Out."

the school he was gentle, sensitive, and rather timid, and that neither the games nor the studies of the place were congenial to him. He had not much skill in the first and kept aloof from them, and he remained backward to the end in the compulsory tasks of the second. Not mixing with his fellows in the playground, his associates were necessarily few, but he was popular, says Mr. Venables, with the boys who knew him.* Of these traits, the timidity, if it means more than shyness, had entirely disappeared in after years. His courage, moral and physical, was complete. At the date of his entering the Charterhouse he might easily have been cowed by the ill-usage he underwent from the savage tyrant of his former school.

His general temperament in manhood would have led to the inference that in youth he must have relished boyish sports, and that he disregarded them may have been owing to his having discovered a more fascinating diversion than play:

As some bells in a church hard by [he wrote in 1862] are making a great holiday clanging in the summer afternoon, I am reminded somehow of a July day, a garden, and a great clanging of bells years and years ago, on the very day when George IV. was crowned. I remember a little boy lying in that garden reading his first novel. It was called "The Scottish Chiefs."⁶

The coronation was on July 19, 1821, the day after Thackeray had completed his tenth year, and six months before he began his Charterhouse career. At the close of his essay we learn the extreme fascination the new holiday employment had for him:

Of these books I have been a diligent

⁶ Trollope's "Life of Thackeray," p. 4.

⁷ "Roundabout Papers"—"On a Peal of Bells."

student from those early days. Oh, delightful novels, well remembered! Oh, novels, sweet and delicious as the raspberry open-tarts of budding boyhood! Do I forget one night after prayers—when we under-boys were sent to bed—lingering at my cupboard to read one little half-page more of my dear Walter Scott—and down came the monitor's dictionary upon my head?

There is another vision of his school-days in the essay "De Juventute," and the story is the same:

What is that I see? A boy—a boy in a jacket. He is at a desk; he has great books before him—Latin and Greek books and dictionaries. Yes, but behind the great books, which he pretends to read, is a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It is—yes, I can read now—it is the "Heart of Midlothian," by the author of "Waverley"—or, no, it is "Life in London; or the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, and their friend Bob Logic," by Pierce Egan; and it has pictures—oh, such funny pictures! As he reads, there comes behind the boy a man, a dervish, in a black gown, like a woman, and a black square cap, and he has a book in each hand, and he seizes the boy who is reading the picture-book, and lays his head upon one of his books, and smacks it with the other. The boy makes faces, and so that picture disappears.

The forbidden fruit which, in his impatience, he devoured by stealth, would not have been less entrancing to him when lessons were over, and he could feast by the hour undisturbed. "Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, I have loved thee faithfully for forty years!" And at the age of twelve, when first he became acquainted with her, we may believe that he loved her better than a game at ball.

To have had no great aptitude for acquiring Greek and Latin is only what happens to the vast majority of boys. Few get far enough to read the books in either with facility, and the many

who do not, commonly forget most of the little they knew, and the last examination at school or college over, they rarely open a classical author for the rest of their lives. Greek and Latin remain substantially dead languages to them. There is not any need of witnesses to Thackeray's dislike of Charterhouse studies. He has related his own experience:

When I think [he says] of that Latin Grammar, and that infernal *as in present*, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth, upon my conscience, I am surprised that we ever survived it. When we think of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! What a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up!

In his "Journey to Cairo," when he comes in sight of the shores of Greece, he pleads his school associations to excuse his want of classical enthusiasm. "I was made so miserable in youth by a classical education that all connected with it is disagreeable in my eyes; and I have the same recollection of Greek in youth that I have of castor oil." He dwells upon the blows, oburgations, and jeers with which masters assailed pupils who had not a vocation for that particular species of scholarship, and declares that his ten years at his two schools were "years of infernal misery, tyranny, and annoyance." Quick intellects are often more averse than slow to the drudgery which must be endured before the beauties of classical literature can be reached, and every school will bear out Thackeray's experience that the abilities of boys are not to be measured by their progress in Greek and Latin. "I have always," he says, "had a respect for dunces," dunces

⁸ "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends"—"A Hopeless Case."

⁹ "A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," chap. v., "Athens."

here including youths, however gifted, who were not expert in the technicalities of grammar.

Those of my own school-days were among the pleasantest of fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard and construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, and with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.¹⁰

The plodding youths who had no aftergrowth fed on the husks which enveloped the kernel, a diet as distasteful to Thackeray's mind as the castor oil was to his palate.

Genius can owe but an insignificant portion of its prerogatives to the formal lessons of tutors. Thackeray, like the rest of his order, was self-taught, and his real education was carried on out of school hours, through his diligent study of his favorite authors. It was with him as with Arthur Pendennis. "He had a natural taste for reading every kind of book which did not fall into his school course. It was only when they forced his head into the waters of knowledge that he refused to drink." But in his modest estimate of himself he seems to have underrated his classical acquirements, for he had a serviceable acquaintance with Latin, and retained snatches of his Greek; and he was probably more indebted to his irksome tasks at what he called the "Slaughter House School, near Smithfield" than he imagined when he said, in the ironical strain which was common with him, "It was there that your humble servant had the honor of acquiring, after six years' labor, that immense fund of classical knowledge which in after life has been so exceedingly use-

¹⁰ "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends."

ful to him."¹¹ Except that he did not advance beyond the first rudiments of Greek, and "forgot the very letters of the alphabet" in his manhood, the general education of Walter Scott was identical with that of Thackeray. He obtained a rough knowledge of Latin at school, and was indebted for the rest of his early attainments to the avidity with which he read English books for his amusement, "especially works of fiction of every kind, which," says he, "were my supreme delight." His own novels in turn became splendid school-books to hundreds of boys who have left no memorial of their influence. He, and not Dr. Russell, was Thackeray's head-master at the Charterhouse.

The gentleness which Mr. Venables ascribes to Thackeray in boyhood stayed with him to the end. It was shown in his placid and easy manner, in a voice sweet and subdued yet manly, in his winning smile, his greeting of mingled quietness and cordiality. But chiefly it was conspicuous in his bearing to women, in his loving-kindness to children, in his benevolence to all who were helpless, forlorn, indigent, and afflicted, in his ceaseless desire to promote happiness and assuage sorrow. Anthony Trollope, writing of him after his death, says:

I had known him only for four years, but had grown into much intimacy with him and his family. I regard him as one of the most tender-hearted human beings I ever knew, who, with an exaggerated contempt for the foibles of the world at large, would entertain an almost equally exaggerated sympathy with the joys and troubles of individuals around him.¹²

Time had not hardened him. The

¹¹ "Men's Wives"—"Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry," chap. i.

¹² "Autobiography," vol. i. p. 240.

acuteness of his early sensibility, the basis and soul of the gentleness, may be estimated from his scattered reminiscences of his boyhood. "O Scottish chiefs, didn't we weep over you!" "I never read quite to the end. I couldn't. I peeped in an alarmed furtive manner at some of the closing pages. . . . But I repeat, I could not read the end of that dear, delightful book for crying. Good heavens! it was as sad, as sad as going back to school."¹³ The novels of his beloved Scott which wound up mournfully begot in him a sorrow that kept him from ever looking into them again. "I have never dared to read 'The Pirate' and 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' or 'Kenilworth,' from that day to this, because the finale is unhappy, and people die, and are murdered at the end."¹⁴ And it was because he was tender-hearted that he was sensitive. A mind so quick to comprehend the griefs of others could not be indifferent to the barbarities from which he smarted:

As for that first night at school—hard bed, hard words, strange boys bullying, and laughing, and jeering you with their hateful merriment—as for the first night at a strange school, we most of us remember what *that* is. And the first is not the *worst*, my boys; there's the rub.¹⁵

Without a particle of malice, school-boys are, or used to be, cruel, and had a special enjoyment in the misery of novices. The shock the rude treatment was to their victims added zest to the sport, and gentle spirits were subjected to the double torture which arose from the keenness of their sensations, and the motive it furnished for tormentors to repeat the provocations. It is some-

¹³ "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute" and "On a Peel of Bells."

¹⁴ Ibid.—"De Juventute."

¹⁵ Ibid.—"On Two Children in Black."

times said that the callous are happily preserved from many sufferings, and it is forgotten how many they inflict. Coarse language and coarse usages, not intended to wound, continued when direct brutalities had ceased, and were odious to all who had not lost their reverence for the sanctities and refinements of home. The sensitiveness here was not an infirmity but a virtue.

The gibes of schoolmasters at mistakes committed during lesson-time were as bitter to Thackeray's feelings as the taunts and scurrilities of school-fellows. The language in which he deprecated the practice tells how acutely he suffered from it:

Do not laugh at him writhing, and cause all the other boys to laugh. Remember your own young days at school, my friend—the tingling cheeks, burning ears, bursting heart, and passion of desperate tears, with which you looked up, after having performed some blunder, whilst the doctor held you up to public scorn before the class, and cracked his great clumsy jokes upon you, helpless and a prisoner! Better the block itself, and the lictors, with their fasces of birch twigs, than the maddening torture of those jokes.¹⁰

Wit and humor are gifts bestowed upon few. Manufactured jokes are little more than a mechanic art, and may be produced by any one who chooses to serve an apprenticeship to the trade. Sheets of this manufacture are printed weekly. Public assemblies will laugh at any fooling, however feeble, and thus beguile the performer into the belief that he belongs to the order of wits instead of to the infinitely lower order of wags, or it would be difficult to understand the passion of many judges, barristers, members of Parlia-

¹⁰ "Roundabout Papers."—"Thorns in the Cushion."

¹¹ Mr. Chip, the second master at Slaughter House School, meets Biggs with his face cut and bloody from blows received in a fight. "Holloa, Mr. Biggs," said he, "I suppose you

ment, and schoolmasters for appearing in a character which exalts no one. Clergymen have not always been superior to the temptation, and the very pulpit has been profaned by the poor ambition to raise a laugh. Schoolmasters should at least disdain the customary tribute their scholars pay to their jokes and sarcasms, for more often than not it is a "counterfeited glee."¹¹ To be vexed at uncouth raileries, and the servile laugh which followed, was perhaps the ingredient in Thackeray's sensitiveness which it would have been good for him to stifle if he could have changed his nature at will.

At the age of sixteen Thackeray had obtained some reputation with his schoolfellows by his humorous verses. "I only remember," writes Mr. Venables in his letter to Anthony Trollope, "that they were good of their kind." Of the fragments which have been printed it would be more exact to say that they were good of their kind for a boy. His partiality for the kind was an abiding taste, and so easily did he produce them in later years that in conversation he would sometimes turn suddenly from prose to verse, and improvise his grotesque doggerel with unbroken fluency.

There was a project for starting a Charterhouse magazine, and Thackeray's facetious rhymes were to appear in it. A monthly magazine, the *Etonian*, had been set up at Eton in October 1820, and ended in July 1821. The local credit it gained for its authors, and particularly for Mackworth Praed, who was the principal contributor, may have prompted the Charterhouse scheme, which did not take effect. The *Etonian*, from its have run against a finger-post." That was the regular joke with us at school, and you may be sure we all laughed heartily, as we always did when Mr. Chip made a joke, or anything like a joke.—"Men's Wives"—"Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry."

brief existence, was more a warning than an encouragement. So was the *Microcosm*, another Eton magazine, in which George Canning displayed his precocious talents while a boy not yet sixteen. It only lasted from November 1786 to August 1787. Both *Microcosm* and *Etonian* died at ten months old. All periodicals conducted by schoolboys are short-lived. Such unripe fruit is not fit for market. Juvenile attempts at authorship, excellent for practice, should be treated like other school exercises. The interest we have in the scheme for a Charterhouse magazine, with Thackeray for a contributor, is that it shows how early he aspired to be a writer. The desire was never long together out of his mind.

The credit Thackeray got among the boys for his jocular pieces did not reconcile him to the Charterhouse. In the last year of his residence there he wrote to his mother, "There are but 370 in the school. I wish there were only 369."¹⁸ He had been fagging at his lessons, and was disheartened that Dr. Russell did not recognize his efforts. His industry was fitful, and, being transient, the labor would not have shown itself in the results, or in'too slight a degree to satisfy the stringent requirements of Dr. Russell, who, according to Mr. Venables, was "vigorous, unsympathetic and stern, though not severe." The mitigating clause, "though not severe," would have been denied by Thackeray. In "Vanity Fair" he calls the Charterhouse "Dr. Swishtail's famous school," and I have heard pupils of his say that the title was not misapplied. He never spoilt a boy by sparing the rod. But his discipline was considered impartial, and in general wholesome. What might be faulty belonged to the prevailing system, and not to the failings

of the individual. Johnson said of Hunter, his master at Lichfield Grammar School, "He never taught a boy in his life; he whipped, and they learned," which was the method largely in vogue down to the schooldays of Thackeray, and a little beyond. The pupil had to make out the lesson for himself without assistance, and the master heard it. Anthony Trollope went to school at the age of seven, in the same year that Thackeray entered the Charterhouse, and spent the greater part of the next twelve years at Harrow and Winchester. "In those twelve years of tuition I do not remember," he says, "that I ever knew a lesson." "I did not learn anything, for I was taught nothing." At the close of the time he had scarce a smattering of Greek and Latin, and there had been no pretence of teaching anything else. On leaving school at nineteen he had never learnt the multiplication table.¹⁹ The certainty of being flogged unless the appointed task was done was a stimulus to many who grew to be distinguished men, and who avowed the benefit they derived from the rod of inexorable taskmasters in much the same language Johnson used when Langton asked him how he had acquired his accurate knowledge of Latin: "My master whipt me very well. Without that I should have done nothing." But with numbers the whipping was of no avail. Trollope believed that he had been oftener flogged than any other youth of his generation, and the stripes had been wasted on him. One chief source of failure was the setting little boys to learn by heart unintelligible grammars, without adequate explanation. A lad who had conquered the initial difficulties could profit at a later stage by the corrections and comments of a scholarly master in hearing the lesson, but the advanced instruction was nearly useless to those who had stumbled at the threshold. Thackeray had been puz-

¹⁸ Merivale's "Life of Thackeray," p. 43.

¹⁹ Trollope's "Autobiography," vol. i. pp. 16, 24, 48.

zled and tormented by the "intolerable jargon" of what he calls "that wonderful book, the Eton grammar," and not having been properly grounded at the outset, his subsequent lessons, in consequence, were dull and perplexing to him. Gibbon puts the case in expressive language:

By the common methods of discipline, at the expense of many tears and some blood, I purchased the knowledge of the Latin syntax, and not long since I was possessed of the dirty volumes of Phædrus and Cornelius Nepos, which I painfully construed and darkly understood.

The old defect is common still. Schools have become happier since the days of Dr. Russell, but they are not more learned. In the infinite diversities of taste and understanding, and the vast variety of purposes men are destined to serve, it might be surmised that the same intellectual training would not be the best for everybody, and there is proof of it in the unsuccessful attempt to compel all orders of mind, during ten or twelve years of cumbrous schooling, to force their way into the recesses of Greek and Latin.

Mr. Venables asserts that there was a "change of retrospective feeling in Thackeray about his schooldays," and says it "was very characteristic." "In his earlier books he always spoke of the Charterhouse as the Slaughter House. As he became famous and prosperous his memory softened, and Slaughter House was changed into Grey Friars, where Colonel Newcome ended his life." I suspect that Mr. Venables confounded two things which are distinct. The misery of Thackeray's schooldays is as plainly indicated in his latest productions as in his earliest. Wounds which had ceased to smart disturbed him no longer, but, though

his feelings had softened, a natural consequence of the lapsed years, his memory of his troubles had not. There are passages in his works which manifest this twofold state of mind. "Men," he writes towards the close of his life, "revisit the old school, though hateful to them, with ever so much kindness and sentimental affection. There was the tree under which the bully licked you; here the ground where you had to fag out on holidays, and so forth."²⁰ Cowper says, in his "Tirocinium," that the heart is stone which does not love the play-place of early days, recalling past games and delights. The playground does not recall games to Thackeray. He sees in it the tree under which he was licked, and the spot where he wearily fagged out on holidays. He is attracted to the old school because of the sentiment which gathers round extinct youth, and, in spite of sentiment, he reiterates that the school was "hateful" to him. The very book in which Mr. Venables saw the evidence of an altered memory refutes the view it is adduced to support. In it Thackeray takes us to the school chapel when the boys and the fourscore old men of the hospital are assembled to commemorate the death of their founder, Thomas Sutton, whose tomb and recumbent effigy are before them:

There he lies, *Fundator Noster*, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted, and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor could cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked.²¹

²⁰ "Roundabout Papers"—"On a Joke I heard from the late Thomas Hood."

²¹ "The Newcomes," chap. xxxvii.

This, then, is the recollection the chapel evoked in the mind of Thackeray, who was accustomed to attend the anniversary—the recollection that the rigors he experienced in school and playground did not spare him in the midst of religious rites in the house of prayer and thanksgiving. The name of Grey Friars, which Thackeray gave to the Charterhouse in the "Newcomes," and which is the sole circumstance from which Mr. Venables deduces his conclusion, is, in this instance, nothing to the purpose. The school is introduced on account of its appendage, the poor brothers' hospital, the asylum for men of broken-down fortunes, and Thackeray must have been lost to all sense of fitness before he could have marred his solemn, pathetic, and supremely beautiful narrative by imposing the monstrous title of Slaughter House on the sanctuary of the broken-hearted Colonel, and the scene of his hallowed end.²²

"At my years," said Burke, when he was sixty-six, "we live in retrospect alone." This condition of mind arrives sooner to some men than to others. Thackeray was but forty when he said that he belonged to the old-fashioned classes whose thoughts turned backwards. And earlier still, at forty-four, the cause he assigned for loving to revisit the Charterhouse was that "the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood."²³ For an hour or two only, since an imaginary state of existence cannot be kept up for long at a stretch. But why should he find

this fleeting solace in scenes which were associated with modes of life that had been galling to him? The answer is within us. The comparison was not between the pains and joys of a distant past, in which the pains preponderated. The contrast was between now and then, between the privileges of boyhood and the disappointments, weariness and lassitude of age. Youth had health and elasticity and boundless hope. It had a future. Nor were its passing hours unbroken wretchedness. Many a memorable joy had its turn. If Thackeray had to "rub away the bitter tears at night after parting as the coach sped on the journey to school and London," from the same coach he "looked out with beating heart as the milestones flew by, for the welcome corner where began home and holidays."²⁴ He was accustomed to carry a pocket-book, the gift of his mother, and he marked "that blessed day" in his little calendar. "In my time it used to be, Wednesday, 13th November, *'five weeks from the holidays;'* Wednesday, 20th November, *'four weeks from the holidays;'* until sluggish time sped on, and we came to Wednesday, 18th December. O rapture!" Sluggish time mends his pace in holidays, and a black Wednesday was not far off. "In that pocket-book you had to write down that sad day, Wednesday, January 24th, eighteen hundred and never mind what—when Dr. Birch's young friends were expected to re-assemble."²⁵ The rapture of going home for the holidays, and the pang of returning to school, are here exhibited side by side. The

²² It is in "Pendennis" that Thackeray first calls his old school the Grey Friars. The passage displays the softened feeling, but the memory, as usual, is the remembrance of an infliction, and turns upon that fertile parent of woes, the Latin grammar. Pen and Foker drove down "and renewed acquaintance with some of their old comrades there. The bell for afternoon school rang as they were swaggering about the playground talking to their old cronies. The awful Doctor passed into

school with his grammar in his hand. Foker slunk away uneasily at his presence, but Pen went up blushing, and shook the dignity by the hand. He laughed as he thought that well-remembered Latin grammar had boxed his ears many a time."—"Pendennis," chap. xvii.

²³ "The Newcomes," chap. xxxvii.

²⁴ "Roundabout Papers—"De Juventute."

²⁵ Ibid.—"On Letts's Diary."

memory of neither had softened. Whether it was joy or grief, whatever had power to stir his nature in its depths moved him vehemently and left a lasting impression. Hence his reminiscences are marked by the passionate feeling of a new-born emotion. Many persons misunderstood him from the erroneous influence that his calm exterior was the counterpart of the inner man.

An incident, playfully related by himself for its amusing accompaniments, in his Roundabout Paper on "Tunbridge Toys," belongs to his Charterhouse career, and is a good illustration of his early character. A school is seldom without its curmudgeon who sells on short credit, to boys whose pocket-money is exhausted, tempting articles at a profit of a hundred per cent. and upwards.²⁶ Thackeray bought a toy pencil-case of fragile mechanism from one of the beardless Jews of the Charterhouse for three-and-sixpence, its intrinsic value being nothing, and its shop value less than half-price. He intended to pay for it out of extraordinary supplies, and none of the expected tips came. His creditor, whose sordid passions were seconded by a burly frame, harassed him as if the poor dupe had been the cheat, with scowls, taunts and curses, from May to August 1823, when holidays began. At parting, Thackeray's tutor gave him his coach fare, with five shillings for incidental expenses, and one pound five due to his parents from a former account that had been overpaid. His coach started at seven from Fleet Street, and in his restless yearning for home he took care to be an hour too early, lest he should be a minute too late, and reached the Inn, break-

fastless, at six. Three-and-sixpence of his five shillings he had joyfully handed over to the terrible vendor of the pencil-case, and the remaining eighteenpence went to the cabman and a coach porter. A schoolfellow who accompanied him sat down to a comfortable breakfast in the coffee-room, and Thackeray, accounting the one pound five of his parents a trust that could not be drawn upon merely to satisfy an importunate appetite, remained outside, hungry, penniless, and virtuous, till, catching sight of a placard in a window, "Coffee, twopence; round of buttered toast, twopence," a conflict began between hunger and honesty, in which hunger, over-persuaded by the smallness of the sum, got the day. After a very prolonged fast during the Peninsular War, Sir William Napier came upon a bit of tallow candle in a hut, and said that never before or since had he tasted anything half so luxurious. Thackeray's fast had been short, but he thought the muddy and not-sweet-enough coffee most fragrant, the rancid and not-buttered-enough toast delicious. The pangs of hunger having been thus pleasantly satisfied, the pangs of conscience took their place, and throughout the journey to Tunbridge Wells, which was his goal, the abstracted fourpence would not allow him a moment's rest. In anguish of mind he gasped out an explanation to his parents the instant he saw them. "My dear boy," replied his father, "why didn't you go and breakfast at the hotel;" and his mother said, "He must be starved." The humor of the story as he tells it in his little essay may alone attract our notice at first. On second thoughts we perceive that the original misgivings and subse-

²⁶ Thackeray has explained the process with no great exaggeration in the February chapter of the "Fatal Boots." Times out of number I have witnessed a regular part of the traffic, the loan of a penny on Saturday,

to be repaid by twopence on the Saturday following, to boys who had anticipated their weekly allowance of threepence, and were hungering for a tart.

quent agonies, at which we smile, were the estimable consequences of his sensitive conscientiousness at twelve.

We have seen the enchantment novels had for Thackeray at the Charterhouse. We have to add, among the advantages on the side of youth, that romances and novels, many of them very bad, had a charm for the simple faith of boyhood beyond what any masterpiece possessed for the nicer discrimination of the man:

Oh, for a half-holiday, and a quiet corner, and one of those books again! Those books, and perhaps those eyes with which we read them; and, it may be, the brains behind the eyes! It may be the tart was good; but how fresh the appetite was! If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries.²⁷

The intensity of his enjoyment is seen in this desire of his heart. Before all other kinds of fame he coveted the power of communicating to generations of boys the glow of pleasure he had himself received. In vacations the entrancement was probably without alloy. At the Charterhouse, we may gather from a single word in a sentence appertaining to Dobbin, in "*Vanity Fair*," a drop of bitterness bubbled up in the sweet waters as, with insatiable thirst, he drank them in. "He was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favorite copy of the '*Arabian Nights*' which he had, apart from the rest of the school who were pursuing their various sports, quite lonely, and *almost* happy"—*almost*, but not quite lost in the fascinations of his visionary world, because a lurking consciousness remained that he must soon return to the world of schooldom.

The theatre continued to have attractions for Thackeray long after the illusions of boyhood were over, but

²⁷ "Roundabout Papers."—"De Juvetute."

between the early impressions and the later there was the difference between sunshine and shadow. "And then came," he says of the little entries in his pocket-book, "that glorious announcement, Wednesday, 27th, Papa took us to the Pantomime." Even the glories of Pantomime faded before the witcheries of Opera and Ballet. "Bless me! when I was a lad, the stage was covered with angels who sang, acted, and danced." All had altered. "The deterioration of women is lamentable, and the conceit of the young fellows more lamentable still, that they won't see this fact, but persist in thinking their time as good as ours." The dancers at the opera in the reign of George IV. were visions of loveliness, "beautiful as Houris." Their successors were dreary old creatures, "painted, shrivelled, thin-armed, thick-ankled," and he is surprised how anybody can like to look at them. The last time he saw a ballet he fell asleep while five hundred nymphs were cutting capers, and he couldn't understand a man of sense doing otherwise.²⁸ That the spectacle which the capering nymphs presented to the eyes of the man of sense should remind him of the time when theatres were fairy palaces, peopled with beauties of more than mortal mould, was of itself a trivial matter. The play was only an evening's amusement. But the whole round of these ancient pleasures contributed in the aggregate to shed a lustre over vanished youth, and remembering its occasional transports and animating hopes, many men, in after life, weighted with burdens, torn by griefs, and possibly fretted by cankers of heart and soul, are glad once more for an hour or two to be boys, albeit that boyhood has its well-remembered miseries.

When Thackeray left the Charterhouse, on April 16, 1828, he had out-

Ibid.

grown many of his early discomforts. Not only was he too big to be bullied by the worst of tyrants, a boy bigger than himself, but he latterly boarded in a private house outside the jurisdiction of the school authorities, and did not appear in the Carthusian precincts except at lesson time. He had the luxury of indulging in his own amusements without interference, and if he had not attained to the highest distinction in a public school, that of being the chief pugilist or cricketer, his repute for wit would have put him on a level with the foremost scholars, and ensured him consideration among his companions. But nothing compensated for the weary hours he had to spend over Greek and Latin, and he looked forward to leaving with the impatience of a prisoner counting the days till he should be free. He had once more a settled home. His mother had married in India her second husband, Major Carmichael Smyth, an officer of Engineers, who had a high character in his profession. He and his wife returned to England in 1821, and he became Governor of the East India Company's Military College, Addiscombe. Five-and-twenty years later Thackeray went to visit a friend who was in office there. He expressed a wish to go over the Governor's house, and, while examining the objects in the bedroom which had been his mother's, he suddenly hurried to the door to conceal his emotions.²⁹ His mother and Major Smyth survived him. He had not the memories of death to affect him, and he was doubtless melted by his recollections of that maternal tenderness which was a lasting subject of gratitude and admiration with him. "I know," he wrote, in 1861,³⁰ "the Thackeray that those fellows have imagined to themselves—a very selfish, heartless, artful, morose, and designing man." He was in every

particular the reverse; and without reckoning the dislikes which grew out of envy and ruffled vanity, hundreds formed a false conception of him through misreading his novels, and mistaking his exposure of men's vices and meanness for misanthropy.

In 1825 his parents removed into Devonshire, and rented a place not far from Exeter, and a mile and a half from Ottery St. Mary, which Dr. Cornish, the vicar, identified with the Clavering St. Mary of "Pendennis." In this country house Thackeray passed the nine months which intervened between school and college, and here he wrote a little piece of four stanzas, which are the earliest rhymes he is known to have printed. A Protestant meeting was held, October 24, 1828, to petition the House of Commons against Roman Catholic Relief Bills, and Shell attempted to speak on behalf of the Roman Catholics. The mob refused to hear him, and the unspoken speech appeared in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*. This circumstance Thackeray put into verse under the form of a parody on Moore's Irish melody, "The Minstrel Boy," and Dr. Cornish thought so well of it that he asked permission to send it to a county newspaper, where it appeared. Of all kinds of verse, a parody is the easiest, for the ground-work is furnished by the original; and it is among the lowest, for no parody has secured a durable place in literature. The implied point in Thackeray's ridicule of Shell is that through the mischance of having sent his speech to the papers beforehand, he had revealed to the world that he wrote his speeches and got them by heart. A speaker can no more improvise a speech in which matter and composition are both at their best, than Milton could improvise "Paradise Lost." Brougham, whose power of ready argument, sarcasm, and

²⁹ "Athenæum," April 11, 1861.

³⁰ To Whitwell Elwin, May 24, 1861.

eloquence was extraordinary, wrote the salient passages in important speeches many times over. Men of his mark do not seek for fame through petty deceptions, and he made no secret of his habit. At the grand banquet which was given by the Cinque Ports in August 1839, to their Warden, the Duke of Wellington, and which was attended by a rare assemblage of distinguished persons, he was requested to give the toast of the evening, as the man in the kingdom who was best qualified to do justice to it. A magnate of the county fancied that his position entitled him to the honor, and to soothe his wounded pride the Duke asked Brougham, on his arrival at Walmer, whether it was possible for him to speak to another toast. "Quite impossible," Brougham replied, "I have sent my speech to the *Times*, and it is already in type." He pleaded the identical act which Thackeray intended to mock in *Shell*. The fame of the illustrious man the two thousand guests were assembled to celebrate, the importance in rank and reputation of the guests themselves, the general expectation of a speech which would be worthy of the occasion, and the return he owed for the distinction conferred on him in selecting him for the office, all demanded that the great orator should do justice to his subject and himself, and he would have held it a betrayal of his trust to have relied on off-hand ideas and language. Thackeray was but a big boy when he wrote his parody, and he was led away by a common prejudice which Dr. Cornish shared with him.³¹ He would have scorned to em-

³¹ It is surprising that many gave in to the idea who might have been expected to be above it. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, made his friend Rogers the theme of many sarcastic jests, and the poet in retaliation wrote the often-repeated distich:

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

ploy the taunt later. I once met him in the street, when he had the look of being absorbed in deep meditation, and he said in explanation, "I was employed in the horrible task of trying to concoct a neat little *extempore* speech for the Literary Fund Dinner." The point in his parody, weak in itself, was feebly put, and the stanzas only show, on a very diminutive scale, a certain command of easy, familiar language in verse. The crude trifles of his youth are only worth criticising for the sake of tracing the development of his genius. Having a turn for versifying, he was doubtless the author of many small pieces in the months he spent at home before going to Cambridge, and if any others were printed they have shared the oblivion of the newspapers in which they appeared. The specimen preserved by Dr. Cornish will serve to represent them all.

Thackeray, in "Pendennis," speaking in his own name of the interval between school and college, says:

What bright colors the world wore then, and how you enjoyed it! A man has not many years of such time. He does not know them whilst they are with him. It is only when they are passed long away that he remembers how dear and happy they were.³²

The color of past years varies in the retrospect with our altered moods, and Thackeray's recollection of the period he glorified in "Pendennis" seems to have been less radiant when, a year and a half earlier, speaking of Mrs. Brookfield, he wrote to her husband, January 1847, "My heart follows her respectfully to Devonshire and the dismal scenes of my youth."³³ But, looking Rogers lived in the belief that this poor pun, which has nothing else to recommend it, was a killing sarcasm.

³² "Pendennis," chap. iii.

³³ "Collection of Letters," 1847-1855, p. 1.

deeper, there would come back to him the memory of parental indulgence, tranquil enjoyments and freedom from cares which would lead him to dwell on the solid blissfulness of the time. For several hours of every day he had one unfailing occupation, the same which relieved the dreariness of the Charterhouse, and he used it after the manner of Arthur Pendennis when he, too, was fresh from school. Books grave and gay, plays, poems, novels, travels, whatever he could lay his hands on, he devoured indiscriminately. He exhausted the home collection and ransacked neighboring bookcases, the eager curiosity and fervid pleasure with which he read ensuring equal profit. After his fame was established, and his life was too full, or his mind too weary, to permit over-much reading, he lamented the deprivation, and told me it was his intention, when he could afford it, to retire into the country, and ending as he began, to feast upon books. This was an occasional fancy and would not have been executed, but it showed the enjoyment he associated with the early habit. In accordance with his custom of under-rating the gifts in which he was pre-eminent, he appeared to me to exaggerate the merits of bookmen, and he sometimes talked as if he ranked the multitude who knew what was in books before a genius who wrote them. At the death of Macaulay, the most felicitous tribute paid to his marvellous reading and memory came from Thackeray's pen. He had seen the grandest domes of Europe. None of them struck him so much as the dome of the British Museum Library, "under which our million volumes are housed," and it represented to him by a fine, expressive image, "the vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning" that,

²⁴ "Nil Nisi Bonum," "Cornhill Magazine," February 1860.

²⁵ "Pendennis," chap. iii.

but a fortnight before, was ranged "under the dome which held Macaulay's brain."²⁴

With Cambridge in front, Thackeray's school studies went on at home, but not in Charterhouse fashion. His description of Arthur Pendennis' mode of proceeding was unquestionably drawn from his own:

Smirke and his pupil read the ancient poets together, and rattled through them at a pleasant rate, very different from that steady grubbing pace with which the Clisterians used to go over the classic ground, scenting out each word as they went, and digging up every root in the way. Pen never liked to halt, but made his tutor construe when he was at fault, and thus galloped through the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," the tragic playwrights, and the charming, wicked Aristophanes, whom he vowed to be the greatest poet of all. But he went so fast that, though he certainly galloped through a considerable extent of the ancient country, he clean forgot it in after-life, and had only such a vague remembrance of his early classic course as a man has in the House of Commons, let us say, who still keeps up two or three quotations, or a reviewer who, just for decency's sake, hints at a little Greek.²⁵

Dr. Russell's pupil was required to plough up the stubborn soil, and the Devonshire tutor allowed him to skim lightly over the surface. A circumstance mentioned by the Vicar of Ottery St. Mary contributed to Thackeray's estimation of Aristophanes. Dr. Cornish lent him Cary's translation of "The Birds," and says it was read by him with intense delight, and returned with three humorous illustrative drawings.²⁶ It was the translation he read with delight, and, without the aid of the poetical translator, the poetry and the charm of the wicked

²⁶ "Thackeray, the Humorist and the Man of Letters." By T. T. Taylor.

Aristophanes would have been but darkly visible to him through the veil of the original Greek. He has been blamed for parading these relics of his juvenile schooling. He was high above such paltry affectations, and what honor could he get by citing a word or two of Latin and Greek, which thousands could do as well as he? He introduced the classic allusions because they offered themselves, and were, in the extent to which he used them, his natural language. He neither sought nor rejected them. That he had "clean forgot" all the rest reminds us once more that the bigger portion of his education was drawn from authors nearer home. His friend Procter made the same confession:

The Monthly Review.

I have now forgotten all my mathematics and arithmetic, all my Greek, and almost all my Latin; but I cleave to those who were true nurses of my boyhood still; and the nurses were Le Sage, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Inchbald, and Radcliffe.

The classics are famous models, but do not surpass our magnificent literature, which is more various and not less superb, and the wealth of ideas and language, which at this interlude enriched a mind that absorbed whole bookcases with greedy enthusiasm, was a good substitute for a scantier measure of language and ideas, painfully read and imperfectly comprehended.

The Late Rev. Whitwell Elcun.

THE PICTURE POST-CARD.

The superior person despises the picture post-card. He declares that he can see neither rhyme nor reason in collecting cards with not very perfect photographs of places where the collector has never been nor ever expects to go. The superior person has said this of various other whims. He declared much the same thing in respect to stamp-collecting. Like Judas on a famous occasion, he alleged that it was a waste of money, and, like Judas in this also, he further declared that he could indicate a far better method in which the money could be spent. He has also attacked the collecting of beetles and butterflies, and when the pathetic time has arrived for the sale of such collections, possibly by auction, he has said that the ludicrously small prices which the treasures attract are exactly the estimate which he would put on them.

The fact is that the superior person

entirely fails to see that it is not the collecting in itself which is the charm but the imaginative sense which lies behind the collection. For example, the collector of picture cards, be he never so prosaic, can hardly look over a well-arranged collection without feeling something of the sentiment which inspired Dr. Johnson when he said that he regarded travelling as the mere regulator of the imagination.

It was the imagination which provided the facts; travelling merely checks the mental array of facts with the realities. Consequently the collector of picture-cards, if the hobby be carried out with the intelligence which it deserves, is constantly, in the imagination, traversing the whole world; and since we must admit with Napoleon that it is the imagination which governs the human race, we are compelled to pay one tribute to this humble pastime, and that tribute is that the

follower of this little enterprise is dealing with a faculty, whether he know it or not, which is of intense importance to the world.

Balley, in that curious poem, "Festus," declares of the imagination that it deals with another and a better world. We can say much the same thing of the amusement which we are considering. The young man or the young woman who gathers picture post-cards is directing his or her imagination to another, though we cannot say a better, world. But in days when narrowness and insularity are a positive combination of dangers, when the routine of ordinary lives is growing more dull by reason of the advances of science, when bit by bit the possibilities of the exercise of discretion or judgment are removed from the lives of thousands and instead there is the daily attending to this little shuttle or that little entry in log-books and ledgers, we should not too readily condemn any fashion which acts in the direction of broadening interests and awaking enthusiasm for what may appear to some of us to be trifles but to them are the occasions of delight and of forgetfulness of irksome drudgeries.

In fact it would appear that it is not merely accidental that the picture post-card should triumph in what we call the artisan classes. It is of the fancy as it affects the wage-earners and their dependents that we have to speak. Cases are known where women in very humble life have spent their pence in the collection of picture-cards which it would be difficult to call either beautiful or attractive. The coloring might frighten us; the difference between the picture and the place it pretends to portray might arouse in us a sense of protest. But what other means is there for that vast class which we call the Million to acquire collections of art products? What means is there, other than the

dream-travelling which is engendered by the picture post-card, for those whose bounds of travelling are the summer watering-place and the Bank Holiday picnic, to know that far from England there are places of rare beauty and of very living interest? There is an education in travelling,—we have the authority of Lord Chesterfield for the statement,—but for those who cannot travel, to whom even the excellent arrangements of the Polytechnic are a luxury beyond their reach, the picture post-card would seem to supply a need for which philanthropists and social reformers have long sought.

There is herein a lesson for those who, with the best of intentions have founded picture galleries and museums for the people. It would appear to be proved by the taste in picture-cards that the individual prefers his own little picture gallery. Be it never so humble there is nothing like having a thing for one's own. Goethe would be horrified, of course, for he declared that the gratification of the imagination without the exercise of taste according to some canons of art was the most fearful thing which could be imagined. Let us admit the fact; but then we come face to face with another question. Is it better that men and women should be interested in what they regard as things of beauty, that they should gather and preserve and treasure them, or that they should aspire to critical canons of taste which, even if they adopt them, they cannot understand?

It is further remarkable that this movement has developed of its own accord. There is a village in Lancashire where owing to the enterprise of a small shop-keeper there are available all manner of picture-cards. We are informed by the very intelligent man who presides over the establishment that he considered that it was worth his while to visit London in

order that he might obtain the best cards which were in the market. He came home armed with thousands of cards, pictures of continental cities, pictures of scenes so far away as Japan, reproductions of some of the world's greatest pictures, and portraits of some of the world's greatest men. He had sold out his stock in a fortnight, and he declares that there is not a house in the district where there is not something in the way of a collection. The villagers exchange their collections with each other for the purpose of examination, and the fact that this or that person has come across a particular treasure flies through the district much as the news of the discovery of a huge nugget of gold flies through the Klondykes. It is something in the way of a corrective in a materialistic day. The humble collectors have not even the quasi-materialism of the stamp-collector, since there is not the slightest prospect that their little collection will ultimately be of priceless worth. But the simple and not unfriendly rivalry has its interest, and the drudgery of the day and the gray sameness of life are forgotten. There is neither Government nor Municipal encouragement for the pastime. None seems to offer prizes. There are no committees to encourage it, nor are rates levied on the people for their education in this matter. In spite of all that has been done to foster other delights, the delight in art, science, literature, the fact remains that without any extraneous aid the delight in the collection of picture post-cards has grown to such dimensions that its extent would hardly be believed by those who have not had the opportunity to see it at first hand.

The caviller points out that the first aim of the picture post-card is overlooked. It was devised to transmit to our friends from us who are busy travelling, and too busy for the duty

of letter-writing, a picture of the place where we are. The very idea of purchasing these cards in a small shop in a village fills him with horror. What is the use of going to Venice and sending a legitimate picture-card thence, when a shop, which deals by right with sweetmeats and tobacco, is able to sell for a penny as good a card of St. Mark's as any we could find in the city of the lagoons? But, by way of answer, let us point out that it was the original idea of the card which has opened the eyes of the world to the sense of beauty in pictures, and it is not at all antagonistic to the original idea, rather is it the contrary, if the people in their thousands, having no friends in their social circle who are likely to travel, choose to supply the need at the small and insignificant emporium to which we have referred. Indeed there are three stages in the process. First there is the stage where the person who travels buys cards for his own delectation in after years. Then there is the second class, the happy recipients of cards from friends who are seeing the distant places with eyes near akin to their own. The humbler people with whom we are dealing are not able to travel, neither are they able to receive the designs from friends who travel. The next best thing is to purchase them for themselves, for we may be sure that every lover of the picture post-card would far prefer the receipt of a card, genuinely through the post from an intimate, than to purchase it. It is under the force of grim necessity that they adopt the latter course.

It is no less remarkable that there should spring up a community of interest between those who have adopted the harmless amusement of making a collection of such treasures on more or less scientific lines. It is said that a journal is to be begun to link together the whole community. This is the normal procedure in English life to-

day, and whenever half a dozen Englishmen think in common they are pretty sure to establish an organ for the articulation of their demands, their needs, their aspirations. No doubt the collector of picture-cards, like the owners of bicycles and motor cars, will find before very long that he has grievances, and the organ in question will enable him to give expression to those grievances and to lead others to realize how acute those grievances really are, though indeed they never felt them before. It is the prerogative of a Free Press. But be it said that even so the result of this combining of what are in essence individual pastimes will be to raise the standard, for it is certain that nothing has raised the standard of amateur photography, for example, more than the excellent journals which set out to assist the amateur and to teach him to what heights he can aspire. The same will happen to the collector of picture-cards. Away in his little village he has no opportunity of hearing of the purchases which might be made. He knows nothing of the wonderful cards which are to be found in some portion of the world of which he has never heard, or of which the keeper of his local shop is unaware. But by means of the interchange of thought which would be possible in a journal such as we have described he will be safeguarded from undue self-elation. The mountains to be scaled will hold him from pride when he reaches the top of the local hillock.

But there is more to be said on this point. We have just been looking at an admirable collection kept by a collier, of all men. This collection has charms of its own. The cards are placed in the album in such a way as to leave room for extracts from the newspapers to be pasted in, or for written comments to be inserted. He has a collection of some hundreds of

Paris views alone, and under each picture there is a careful little note, describing the scene so far as he could obtain a description from the books in the local library, and giving brief references to historical and other facts which might bear on the interest of the picture. Every event of the French Revolution which he could locate is indicated in red ink, and there is a grim suitability in the choice of the color which, no doubt, was not altogether unconscious. This man admits that prior to taking up this hobby he knew nothing of history, but he adds, with pardonable pride, that "he has learned a lot." We can well believe it; we can well believe, too, that his passion for carrying out this excellent idea will grow according as he adds to his collection, and when we point out that very probably he will not rest eventually until he actually goes to Paris to see the places for himself, and that when he does go he will take the "seeing eye and the heart which understands," we are paying the profoundest compliment to a hobby which many are disposed to dismiss with a sigh as a mere waste of time and money. Added to this the one fact that the man in question has used a local library, and used it with interest and delight, whereas hitherto he regarded it as a place for the schoolmaster and one or two bookworms, we are claiming still one more point, and an important point, in its favor.

The most remarkable fact of all is that the prophets who declared that the fancy was utterly ephemeral seem one and all to be wrong. True the same was said of stamp-collecting, and this amusement is probably more in favor than ever it was. But none could have prophesied, a few years back that the rage for picture post-cards would grow to such a pitch that some of the best artists are content to design them, some of the best printing firms are

eager to excel in the production of them, and in villages far away from any particular loveliness of Nature there are those who are delighting in scenes which their eyes will never behold, witnessing them through the medium of the picture post-card. We are informed on excellent authority that the sales of these simple artistic devices in the Lancashire industrial districts alone is to be numbered by hundreds of thousands, a factor in social life the importance of which should not be minimized. Not least important is the further fact that the art of picture-printing is receiving an impetus which will do more to develop it than any influence which has so far been exercised upon it. The collector is by his nature an aspirant for the very best that can be produced, and when the rivalry takes the form of producing that which will impress those collectors who are day by day improving in the quality of their taste, we can well see that there are yet fields for enterprise which offer opportunities far beyond any of which we could have dreamed only a few years ago.

One might well wonder whether something could not be done to co-ordinate this wide-spread attachment to the little novelty. Would something in the direction of an exhibition of picture post-cards, as collected by genuine amateurs, avail anything in encouraging an improved taste? There are flower-shows, where prizes are given for the best products, and there are photographic exhibitions where the cultivation of the art of photography is similarly encouraged. Might not a public function of the type be introduced with good effect in respect to the collection, assortment, and arrangement (not to speak of the adding of elucidatory notes) of the picture post-card? Much has of late years been done to encourage the Masses to employ their leisure time in seemingly

and fruitful ways. Mr. Carnegie has encouraged the libraries, and though his action has again and again been criticized, the fact remains that he has put into the possession of countless thousands the literature of the ages. Might not something be done to assist this new fancy, to lead it into channels where it might be more desirably encouraged? Or, and this would be of far more promise, local committees might take up some such work, and acknowledge thereby the industry, the enthusiasm, the initial love of art, all of which are manifested by the devotion of the true collector. One thing is certain, and that is that in our day we cannot afford to overlook any opportunity for cultivating the imagination of the people. Macaulay said of one man's imagination that it had the wings of an ostrich; it could run but not soar. Dare we suggest that if any effort on the part of the well-wishers of the people were to enable their imaginations to soar and not merely to run along the surface of the earth, the benefits to a world where the tendencies and temptations towards that which is sordid and earthly are almost overpowering would be incalculable? We cannot afford to despise the leisure of the people. It is that which removes the brooding which makes discontent, the introspection which gives birth to sullenness, the lack of ambition which breeds apathy to all the whisperings of the "things which are more excellent." We cannot work revolutions, nor have we a magician's wand by which we can transfuse life, which is beset by the cares of the irksome day, into the rich and full life of the sturdy intellect and the insighted mind and the gracious heart. But we can do the little things which make in directions the final purpose of which we cannot and dare not attempt to foresee.

G. F. W.

Beyond a stricken world that bore
 The hot breath of the Minotaur,
 And naked piled at Mammon's knee
 The outcast slaves of luxury,
 He saw Hope touch her harp; to him
 Age was not; here the cherubim
 Spanned the great arch of heavens; there
 Creation smote through wreaths of air;
 And in the light God's shaft had made
 Young Time strode onward unafraid.

G. A. J. C.

The Spectator.

G. F. WATTS.

Since Browning went down with a last challenge to death on his lips none of the imaginative fighters has made so brave an end as Mr. Watts. At forty-six he felt the odds were heavy: "wanting health and many other things" he was not quite the man, he said, to have attempted the fresco at Lincoln's Inn. But he became younger as the years went on, and at eighty-seven he goes out leaving an image of "Physical Energy" too vast to enter one exhibition, and a "Progress" in another surrounded by the aureole of his unchanged liberal faith.

We have lost not only our greatest artist but a great man. The works will occupy us again and again: I shall make no pretence at this moment to deal with them but speak to-day only of some part of the legacy of his conduct and ideas. Watts was a lover of greatness in every form; and that love was reflected in a magnanimous life. His nature must have been fundamentally sweet. Many eminent artists of our time have shown themselves embittered and jealous in old age, with reason enough. He showed nothing of this. It may be argued that Mr. Watts's

fortune from the first was so happy that his temper was spared all trial. Yet he too was disappointed in his chief ambition, that of public employment on a large scale. He took his revenge; he gave to the nation, so far as an individual could, what it had refused to commission. His attitude to fellow-artists was as generous. He spoke of contemporaries with none of the grudging of the man who fears that a point allowed to the reputation of others may lower his own. Two examples may be given. "Watts," said Mr. Legros once, when recalling some rather scurvy treatment from other quarters, "always treated me well"; and when a few years ago a subscription was raised to present, thus late in the day, a work by that artist to the National Gallery, Watts was a ready subscriber and the largest. So again, speaking lately of Whistler, a painter whose conception of art differed widely from his own, he made certain reserves, but emphatically placed the "Mother" among the greatest portraits of the century. He was as ready to see good in the work of the young as in that of his own generation; he never learned to

take an official view of merit. In little things as in greater his example was a wholesome one. Thus we may be thankful to him for refusing one of those titles which have so comic an effect when bestowed upon an artist.

His connection with the Academy came to him unsought. His estimate of its position at the time was not enthusiastic. "Setting aside the question of duty to the public, many changes are necessary to enable it to maintain a comparatively unambitious position. I understand there is a great falling off in the number of students admitted, and the importance of the rank of Academician is exceedingly diminished; young men no longer strive after it with the eagerness that was formerly felt. It is discovered that election into the Royal Academy cannot of itself insure distinction, nor exclusion prevent it. Picture-dealers are willing to undertake the exhibition of pictures upon conditions more favorable to painters than the Academy can offer; and though fashion and a certain rank which the Academy can offer will no doubt always prove a sort of attraction, it is not of a kind to make men take much trouble to belong to the institution."

Watts however became a member, and his election and that of some others strengthened the position of the Academy without affecting its policy. Absorbed as he was in his work, he unfortunately took little part in its affairs, never served on the Council after his first year, and seems to have preferred the Grosvenor and New Gallery as places of exhibition.

By his absence from the Council his voice was missing in the affairs of the Chantrey Trust and in the furtherance of reform. But from the evidence he gave before the Commissioners of 1863 we know what his ideas on that subject were, and in the hope that his voice may have some weight with his

colleagues and the public I will recall them here.

The questions in which Mr. Watts was most keenly interested were those of education and the encouragement of mural painting. His own experience of the Academy School led him to think that nothing was to be learned there. He recommended the common-sense proceeding, never yet adopted, of appointing a teacher in the schools, recognizing that the best artist, even if he could give the time, was not necessarily the best teacher. On full consideration, also, he condemned the visitor system, under which Academicians teach in turn. But above all, he thought the Academy schools should provide opportunities for the practice, by their students, of painting on a large scale. "Had any earnest practical efforts been made by the Royal Academy during the last fifty years, I cannot believe they would have failed to create a great school. It appears to me to be nothing short of a phenomenon that English art should so little express the peculiar qualities of English character and history; the power and solid magnificence of English enterprise is almost entirely without corresponding expression in English art. Looking at what was done before the Royal Academy existed, I cannot see any distinct evidence of important influence to be ascribed to it." As a beginning of better things he made an excellent suggestion, namely, that at the public schools, during the summer vacation, the Academy students should be allowed to execute paintings on the class-room walls. His idea, doubtless, was to interest the boys as well as to exercise the art students. In the first instance, the designs, he pointed out, need not be original; Flaxman's outlines might be enlarged and colored, or designs might be supplied by leading artists. And if any of the results were unsatisfactory, except as an exercise

in large work, they might be obliterated, and the wall used again. Further, he thought the Academy might well employ part of its funds in the purchase of examples of promising work of a grave and monumental kind in its exhibitions. "Popular art can look after itself, and does not need encouragement." The Academy, instead of doing this, has used money intended for another purpose to encourage popular artists.

These are the sensible and liberal views impressed on the Commissioners so far as education is concerned. To the constitution of the Academy Mr. Watts had evidently not given so much thought, but he noted what has struck every thoughtful critic, the anomalous position of the Associates. These, he thought, ought to be abolished, and one grade only, that of academicianship, exist. Then, as to the Academicians, there were too many of them or too few; too many if the honor is to be a great one, too few if the body is to include all fairly eminent artists. If Mr. Watts had given further attention to the subject, he would have seen that the root of confusion in this business comes from regarding academicianship primarily as an honorific status and from making it accordingly a life-appointment. The control of the Academy, while incidentally an honor, should be regarded as a public duty, and this duty should be placed in the hands not necessarily of the greatest artists, but of the most fair-minded and competent. What is wanted is a working body of men, a board of artists who will organize the schools, arrange the exhibitions and administer the funds, a board responsible to the general body of artists and renewable at intervals by election. Mr. Watts himself brought honor to the Academy, but counted for nothing in its administration. But I return to the scheme suggested in his evidence. The remedy for unfairness

and narrow policy which was a favorite with the Commissioners was to appoint a number of lay members, say ten out of a total of fifty, and to this scheme Mr. Watts lent some countenance; it may be doubted, however, whether the amateur committee-man would in practice be of much use. Mr. Watts's motive was to find some means of liberalizing the management.

To sum up, then, Mr. Watts's views on the questions that are occupying us still, as he expressed them in his evidence before the Commission and in his letter to Lord Elcho were: that the present class of Associates in the Academy should be abolished in favor of a much more generally representative body of artists; and that the views of outsiders should have a voice on the Council. And he wished above all to see the Academy give some direction to study, by inquiring into materials and methods of painting, by encouraging and training pupils in the more arduous kinds of artistic work, by provision of wall space for decoration, and pecuniary help in cases of extraordinary merit. "I insist upon mural painting for three reasons: first, because it is an exercise of art which demands the absolute knowledge only to be obtained by honest study, the value of which no one can doubt, whatever branch of art the student might choose to follow afterwards. Secondly, because the practice would bring out that gravity and nobility deficient in the English school, but not in the English character, and which, being latent, might therefore be brought out; and thirdly, for the sake of action on the public mind. For public improvement it is necessary that works of sterling but simple excellence should be scattered abroad as widely as possible." Here is another passage: "Considering the position which the Royal Academy holds, it has displayed very great apathy. I do not see its influence on

our architecture—our street architecture—our fashions, or our taste in general, in any way whatever. The only national school, which has grown up at all, has grown up outside the Academy, and indeed in opposition to it; that is, the water-color school, and the only definite reform movement (which the pre-Rafaellite school may be called) was certainly not stimulated by the Royal Academy, and even met with opposition from it. . . . A merchant finds means if he wants to improve his commercial arrangements;

The Saturday Review.

whatever a man wishes to do he finds a way of doing it more or less satisfactorily. But I do not see that the Royal Academy has done anything whatever." These are the words of a man who during the forty years since they were spoken has never slackened in carrying out, independent of public encouragement, his own share in a tremendous programme, and I think they may be profitably repeated to-day when the Academy is more than ever given over to the popular art "which needs no encouragement."

D. S. MacColl.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To a great many intelligent readers, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," epoch-making book though it was, is only a name. The length of the treatise deters most from attempting it. The condensed edition of the book, which Hector McPherson has prepared (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) will be welcomed. It retains all that is essential in the author's definition and elucidation of principles, but saves space and the patience of the reader by condensing or eliminating the historical illustrations, many of which have become obsolete.

At a recent sale of autographs, Sir Isaac Newton's memorandum book brought only \$35. At the same sale eight pages of the corrected proof sheets of "Martin Chuzzlewit" brought about \$105, and a portion of the MS. of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" was sold for \$113. A holograph opinion of Francis Bacon, countersigned by the Earl of Salisbury, brought \$195. Only \$12 was paid for a group of relics of Lady Alice Lisle, Judge Jeffreys's victim. These comprised documents signed by her and by

her husband, and a bit of a dress once worn by the poor woman.

There was little in common between Count Tolstoy and Herbert Spencer. An English friend who recently sent Tolstoy a copy of Herbert Spencer's Autobiography received in return a note of which the following is a translation:

Thank you very much for the beautiful book which you have sent me. "Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur." I think Spencer had little heart, and so the "grandes pensées" are wanting. Therefore, too, I am not an admirer of Spencer's, but I have read his Autobiography through, and thank you for it. In autobiographies the most important psychological phenomena are often revealed quite independently of the author's will. I remember being impressed with this in the autobiography of John Stuart Mill.

One of Henry George's accusations against Herbert Spencer was that he had sold his honor "just for a handful of silver." Such an accusation was calculated to disturb even the serenity of a philosopher. Replying to it, in a letter published since his death, Mr.

Spencer gave this account of his finances:

For the first ten years, from 1850-60, I lost by every book published; the returns not sufficing to anything like repay printing expenses. During a period of nearly ten years subsequently the returns on my further books were so small as not to meet my necessary expenses, so that I had continually to trench upon my small property, gradually going the way to ruin myself, until at length I notified that I must discontinue altogether; one result of this notification being the American testimonial. When, some little time after, the tide turned and my works began to be remunerative, what was my course? Still living as economically as possible, I devoted the whole surplus of my returns to the payments for compilation and printing of the "Descriptive Sociology," and this I continued to do for a dozen years, until, year by year deliberately sinking money, I had lost between £3,000 and £4,000 (over £4,000, if interest on capital sunk be counted). I finally ceased, not only because I could no longer afford to lose at this rate, but because the work was altogether unappreciated.

The London Times reports that the first volume of the official history of the war in South Africa, which had been completed by the late Colonel G. F. R. Henderson before his death, is not to be published, and that the type has been broken up. The volume dealt solely with the political antecedents of the war, and the military authorities recently decided that, on the analogy of the German official history of 1870, a chapter or two will form a sufficient preface to the actual operations. The Times remarks that this decision is very much to be regretted, as the volume was not only a brilliant example of Colonel Henderson's best work, but also the most complete vindication yet published of the case of the British Government against the Boer Republics.

The present head of the famous London publishers, the Murrays, attributes the success of that house partly to the fact that its members have always been their own readers. They have made themselves personally responsible for the value of the literature they have published and have spared no pains that it should be on the highest level. Beyond this, they have never published books merely because the authors happened to bear distinguished names. The public would be astonished, Mr. Murray thinks, if it knew the names of the authors of some books the house have refused because the publishers did not think them up to their standard. The present Mr. John Murray is the fourth to bear the name and to carry on the business of the house. He is described as tall, robust-looking, genial and courteous, and uniting in himself the excellent business qualities of his predecessors with the generosity with which their names are inseparably connected. His son, who is also a Mr. John Murray and will sometime succeed his father in business, has inherited some of the warrior traditions of the family and has recently received a commission in the Scottish Horse. The founder of the house, it will be remembered, was Lieutenant MacMurray, who established the business at the sign of "The Ship," at 32 Fleet Street. His commission, signed by Lord Hawke, Townshend and Lord Palmerston, is a treasured heirloom in the family. He was a clever man of affairs, the author of pamphlets and of other works of larger scope. The second member of the house was only fifteen years of age when his father died and the business was managed during his minority by his partner, Samuel Highley. This partnership was dissolved in 1803. It was this Murray who in 1809 established the Quarterly Review in opposition to the Edinburgh.

THE LAMBING.

Softly she slept in the night—her new-born babe at her breast,
With a tiny dimpling hand to the yielding bosom pressed—
As I rose from her side to go—though sore was my heart to stay—
To the ease of the laboring ewes that else would have died ere day.

Banking the peats on the hearth, I reached from the rafter-hook
The lantern and kindled the flame, and taking my plaid and crook,
I lifted the latch, and turned once more to see if she slept;
And looked on the slumber of peace; then into the night I stepped—

Into the swirling dark of the driving, blinding sleet,
And a world that seemed to sway and slip from under my feet,
As if rocked by the winds that swept the roaring, starless night,
Yet fumed in a fury vain at my lantern's shielded light.

Clean-drenched in the first wild gust, I battled across the garth,
And passed through the clashing gate—the light of the glowing hearth
And the peace of love in my breast the craven voices to quell—
As I set my teeth to the wind, and turned to the open fell.

Over the tussocks of bent I strove till I reached the fold,
My brow like ice, and my hands so numbed that they scarce could hold
My staff or loosen the pen; but I heard a lamb's weak cries
As the gleam of my lantern lit the night of its new-born eyes.

Sorely I labored, and watched each young lamb struggle for breath,
Fighting till dawn for my flock with the ancient shepherd—Death;
And glad was my heart when at last the stackyard again I crossed,
And thought of the strife well o'er with never a yearling lost.

But ere I came to the door of my home, drawing wearily nigh,
I heard with a boding heart a feeble, querulous cry,
Like a motherless yearling's bleat; and I stood in the dawn's gray light,
Afraid of I knew not what, sore spent with the toil of the night.

Then, setting a quaking hand to the latch, I opened the door;
And, shaking the cold from my heart, I stumbled across the floor
Unto the bed where she lay, calm-bosomed, in dreamless rest;
And the wailing baby clutched in vain at the lifeless breast.

I looked on the cold, white face; then sank with a cry by the bed,
And thought how the hand of Death had stricken my whole joy dead—
My flock, my world, and my heart—with my love, at a single blow;
And I cried: "I, too, will die!" and it seemed that life ebbed low,

And that Death drew very near; when I felt the touch on my cheek
Of a little warm hand outthrust, and I heard that wailing weak,
And, knowing that not for me yet was rest from love and strife,
I caught the babe to my breast, and looked in the eyes of life.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

The Spectator.

TO A LARK.

Bonnie birdie, brown of feather,
Often do I wonder whether
God, who made ye rise and sing,
Gave that power o' throat and wing,
That the dullest souls among us,
Might, o'er all the woes that thrang us,
Learn from ye to rise and wait
In the sunshine at His gate.
Leave the scorn o' folks above us,
Faults and slights o' them that love us,
All the little bitin' ills,
Loss that worries, care that kills,
Dread o' what will be to-morrow,
Hill o' danger, cloud o' sorrow,
Far below us, while we soar,
Drinkin' freely more and more
O' the sunny air o' Heaven,
Not one day but a' the seven.

John Stevenson.

